SUPERMAN
DC
NATIONAL COMICS
10¢
MAR. NO 54
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
the FOX and the CROW
In this issue:
THAT EVER-LOVIN' PAIR,
The HOUND and the HARE!

"WE'LL RIPPLE YOUR BODY WITH MUSCLES and LOAD T·N·T IN YOUR FISTS"

Say Champions, Mickey Mantle and Joe Louis

We wish you could visit with us . . . see how we keep in top shape. Are you skinny? Bob Cousy, our great NBA Star, will show you how to add pounds of solid muscle. If you are fat, our Ted Kluszewski will slim you down . . . FAST!

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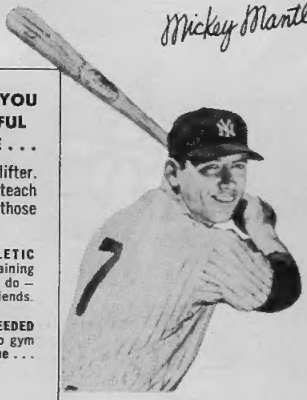
not a weight-lifter. The Champions teach you how to run rings around those muscle-bound boys.

- **ENDORSED BY 406 ATHLETIC COACHES** — Use the same Training secrets as the great teams do — and be the envy of your friends.
- **NO SPECIAL EQUIPMENT NEEDED** — no weights or barbells — no gym — **you train in your own home** . . . just 15 minutes of fun a day.

Mickey Mantle Joe Louis



Bob Cousy

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Skinny...Weak

Fat and Flabby

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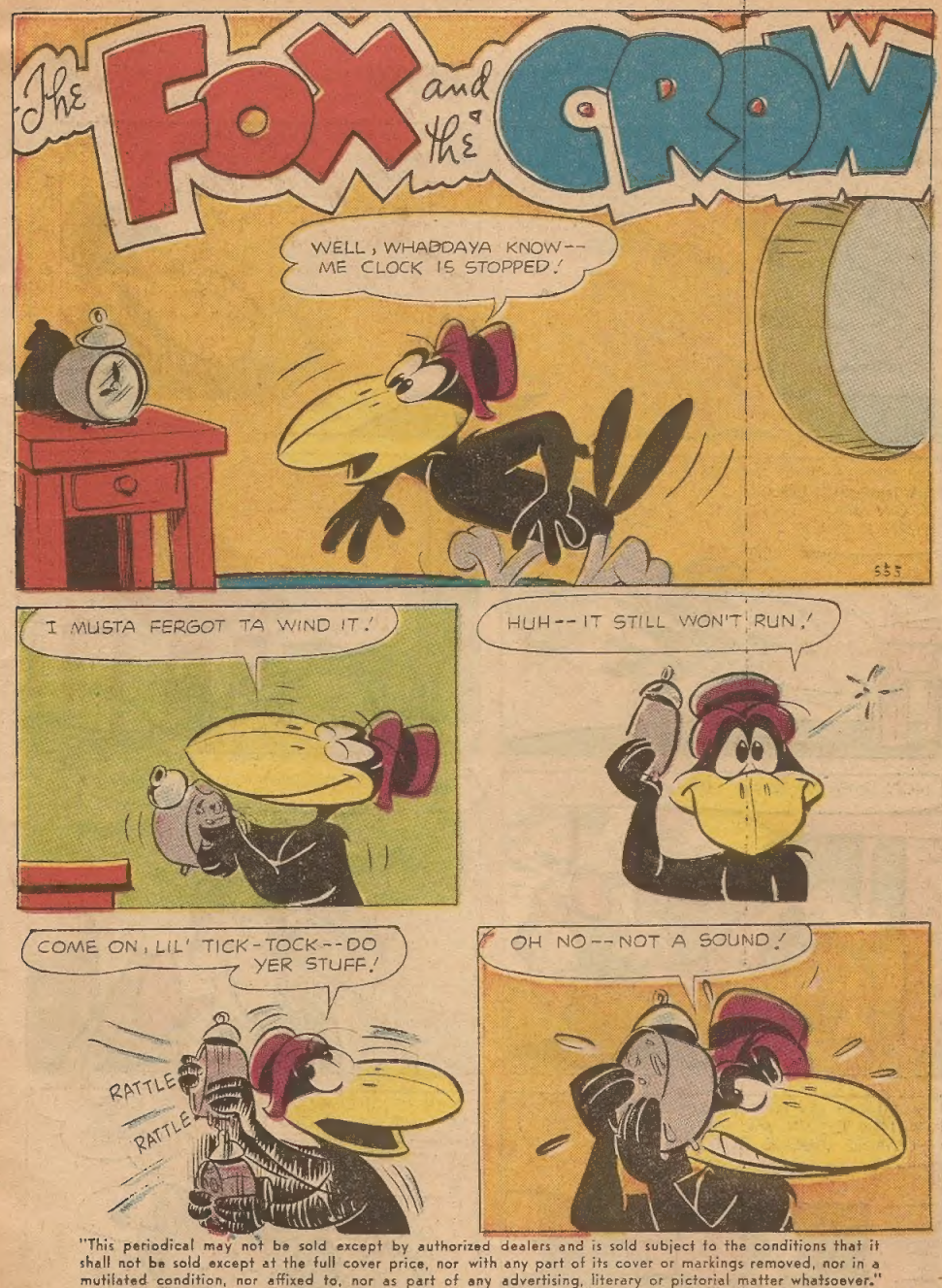
The FOX and the CROW
WELL, WHADDAYA KNOW-- ME CLOCK IS STOPPED!
I MUSTA FERGOT TA WIND IT!
HUH--IT STILL WON'T RUN!
COME ON, LIL' TICK-TOCK--DO YER STUFF!
RATTLE
RATTLE
OH NO--NOT A SOUND!

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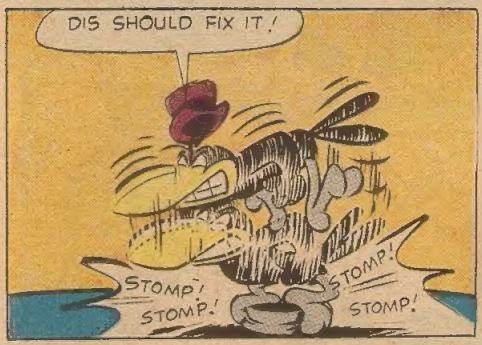
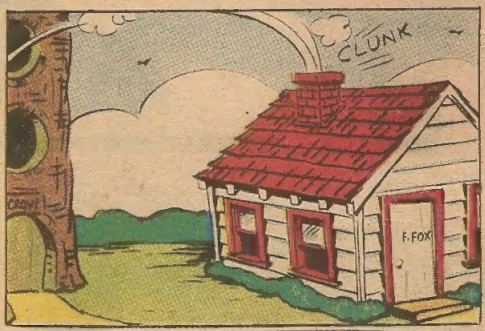
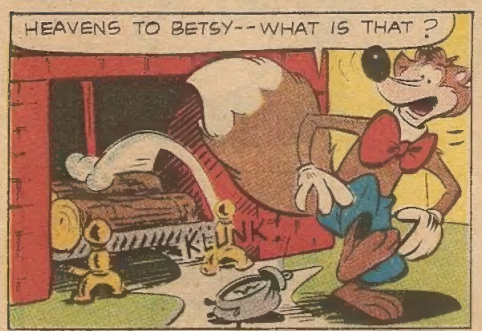

DIS SHOULD FIX IT.!
STOMP!
STOMP!
STOMP!
STOMP!

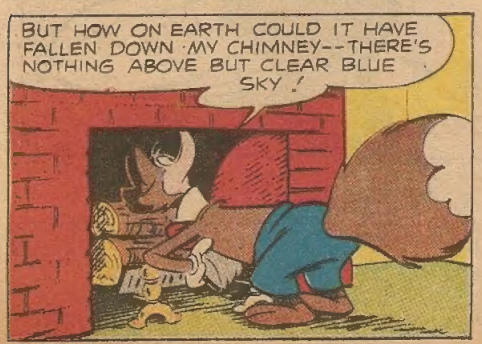
UH-OH.!.! DAT FIXED IT ALL ..IGHT--IT'S SO BEAT UP I COULDN'T READ DA TIME EVEN IF IT DID RUN.!

AH WELL--WHO WANTS TA KNOW DA TIME ANYWAY--I WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT TA DO WITH DA TIME EVEN IF I HAD IT.!


CLUNK
F.FOX


HEAVENS TO BETSY--WHAT IS THAT ?
KLUNK!

WHY I DO BELIEVE IT'S A CLOCK!


BUT HOW ON EARTH COULD IT HAVE FALLEN DOWN MY CHIMNEY--THERE'S NOTHING ABOVE BUT CLEAR BLUE SKY.!

THIS IS, INDEED, A VERY RARE CLOCK--FALLING AS IT DID RIGHT OUT OF THE SKY--PERHAPS IF I FIXED IT UP A BIT IT WOULD BE WORTH A SMALL FORTUNE.!
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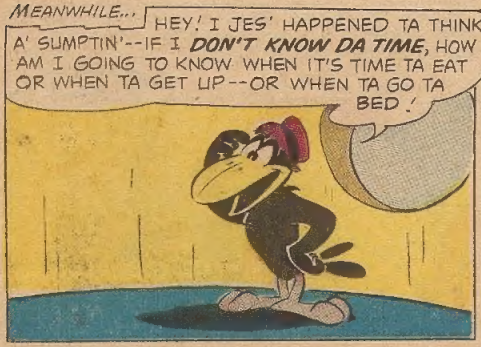
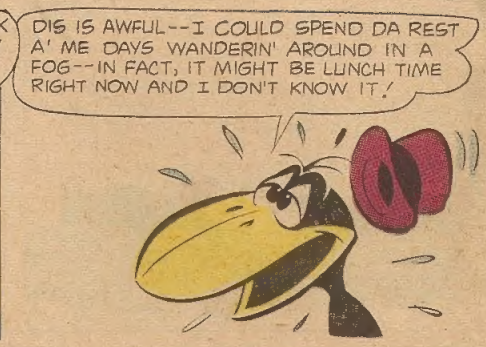
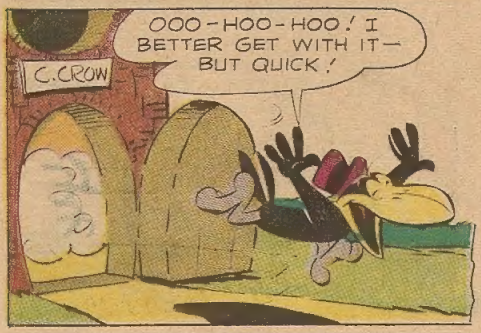
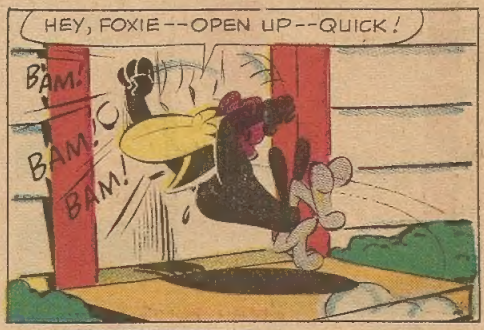
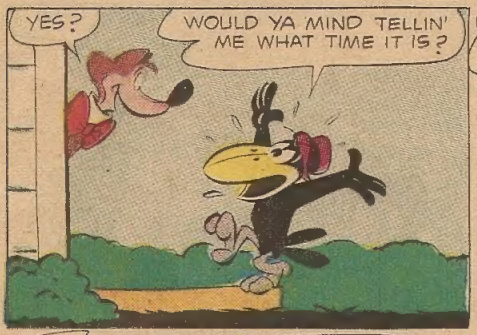
2


MEANWHILE...
HEY! I JES' HAPPENED TA THINK A' SUMPTIN'--IF I DON'T KNOW DA TIME, HOW AM I GOING TO KNOW WHEN IT'S TIME TA EAT OR WHEN TA GET UP--OR WHEN TA GO TA BED!


DIS IS AWFUL--I COULD SPEND DA REST A' ME DAYS WANDERIN' AROUND IN A FOG--IN FACT, IT MIGHT BE LUNCH TIME RIGHT NOW AND I DON'T KNOW IT!

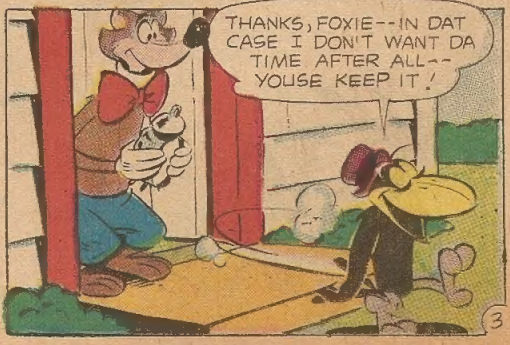

C.CROW
OOO-HOO-HOO! I BETTER GET WITH IT— BUT QUICK!

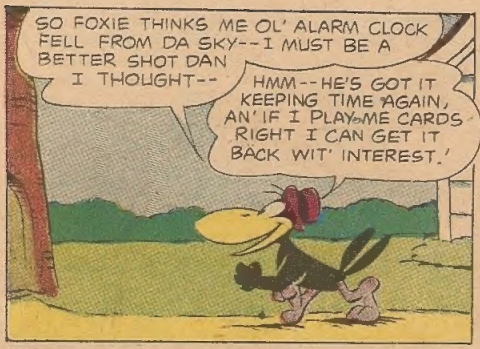

HEY, FOXIE--OPEN UP--QUICK!
BAM!
BAM!
BAM!

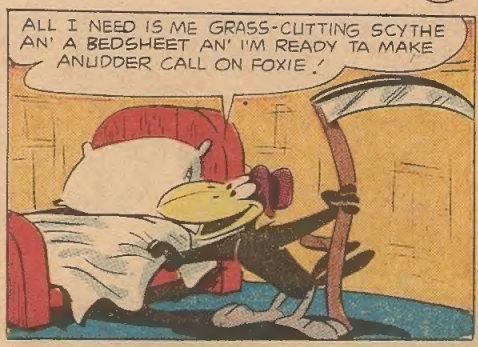

YES?
WOULD YA MIND TELLIN' ME WHAT TIME IT IS?

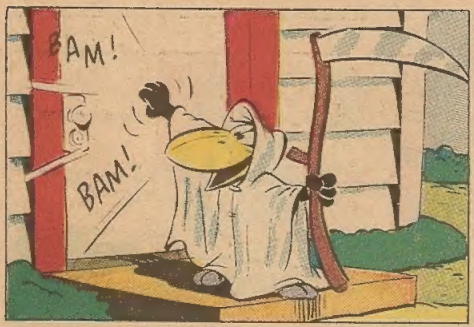
I'M GLAD YOU ASKED ME ABOUT THE TIME, CROW --JUST LOOK WHAT FELL FROM THE SKY RIGHT DOWN MY LITTLE CHIMNEY!
WELL, WHADDAYA KNOW!
TICK
TOCK

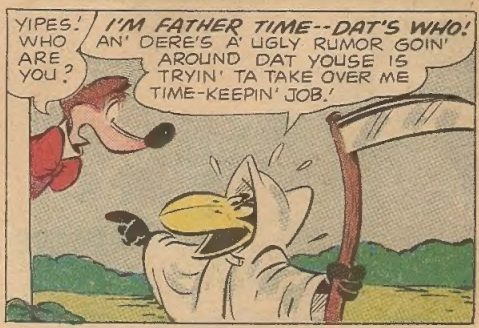
I KNOW IT'S A MOST UNUSUAL AND VALUABLE CLOCK AND SINCE I FIXED IT UP A BIT, IT KEEPS PERFECT TIME!


THANKS, FOXIE--IN DAT CASE I DON'T WANT DA TIME AFTER ALL-- YOUSE KEEP IT!


SO FOXIE THINKS ME OL' ALARM CLOCK FELL FROM DA SKY--I MUST BE A BETTER SHOT DAN I THOUGHT--
HMM--HE'S GOT IT KEEPING TIME AGAIN, AN' IF I PLAY ME CARDS RIGHT I CAN GET IT BACK WIT' INTEREST.'


ALL I NEED IS ME GRASS-CUTTING SCYTHE AN' A BEDSHEET AN' I'M READY TA MAKE ANUDDER CALL ON FOXIE.'


BAM!
BAM!


YIPES! WHO ARE YOU?
I'M FATHER TIME--DAT'S WHO! AN' DERE'S A UGLY RUMOR GOIN' AROUND DAT YOUSE IS TRYIN' TA TAKE OVER ME TIME-KEEPIN' JOB.'

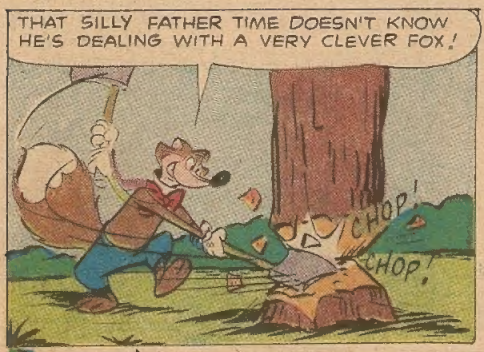
HEH! HEH! WHY THAT'S ABSURD--WHERE ON EARTH DID YOU GET SUCH AN IDEA?

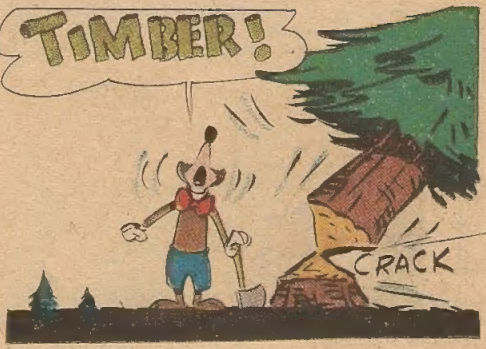
JES' ANSWER ONE QUESTION--ARE YOU OR ARE YOU NOT KEEPING DA TIME?
WELL--ER--I HAVE A CLOCK IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN!
LEMME SEE IT!

HERE IT IS, SIR!
AHAA! JES' AS I SUSPECTED!! WHERE DID YA GET DIS CLOCK?

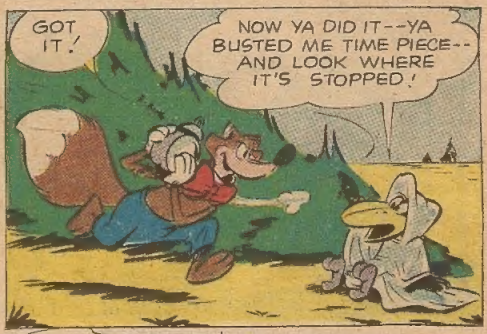
WHY IT FELL DOWN MY CHIMNEY RIGHT OUT OF THE CLEAR BLUE SKY!
DAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT! YA PILFERED ME TIME PIECE!

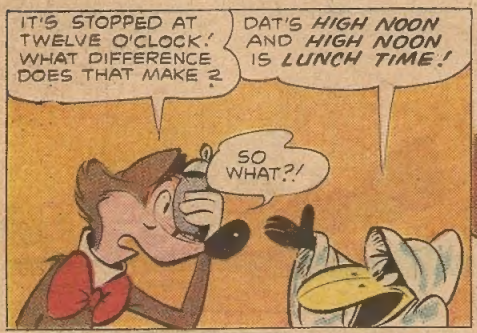
I DID NOTHING OF THE SORT--THIS CLOCK FELL ONTO MY PROPERTY ALL BATTERED AND BRUISED AND I PATCHED IT UP WITH MY OWN TWO LITTLE HANDS!
YA MEAN YA MESSED AROUND WITH DA WOIKS? DIS IS WORSE DAN I THOUGHT!
GIMME DAT CLOCK!
OH, NO YOU DON'T! IT FELL ONTO MY PROPERTY AND IT'S MINE!
OH YEAH!
COME TA PAPA!
GIVE ME BACK MY CLOCK!
YA GOT TA CATCH ME FOIST!
AN' DAT AIN'T GONNA BE EASY!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
DON'T GO AWAY-- I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
Z Z

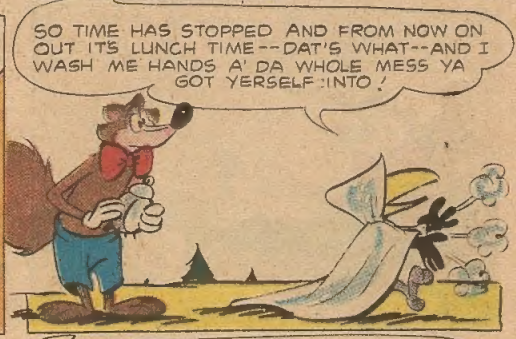

THAT SILLY FATHER TIME DOESN'T KNOW HE'S DEALING WITH A VERY CLEVER FOX!
CHOP!
CHOP!

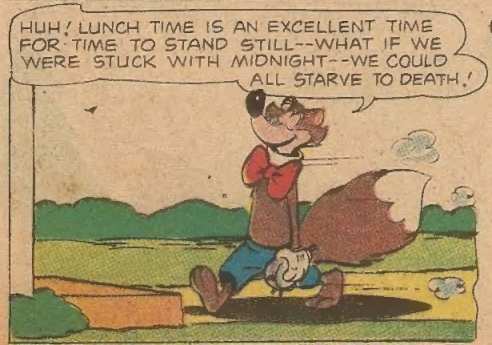

TIMBER!
CRACK

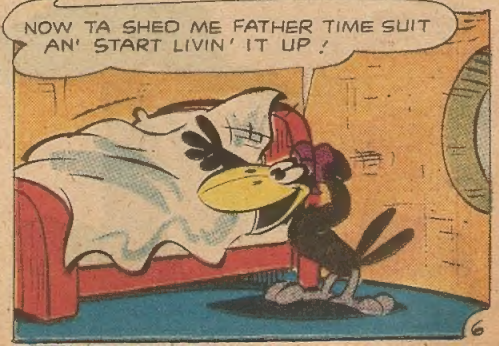
CRASH!
RRING
R-R-RING
R-R-RING

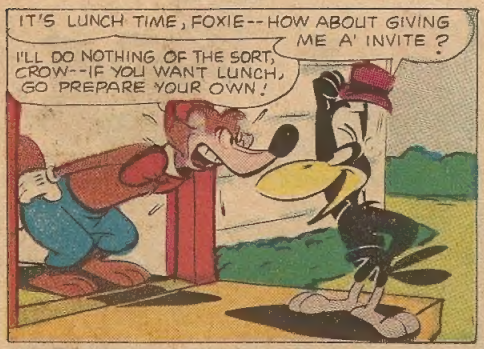

GOT IT!
NOW YA DID IT--YA BUSTED ME TIME PIECE--AND LOOK WHERE IT'S STOPPED!

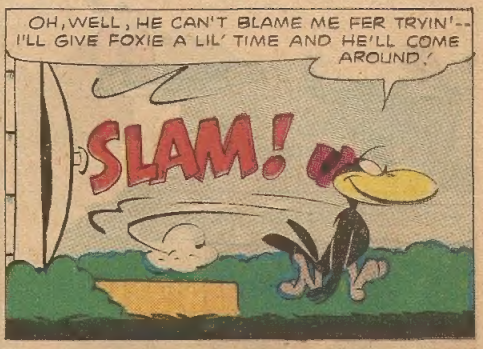

IT'S STOPPED AT TWELVE O'CLOCK! WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES THAT MAKE?
DAT'S *HIGH NOON* AND *HIGH NOON* IS *LUNCH TIME!*
SO WHAT?!

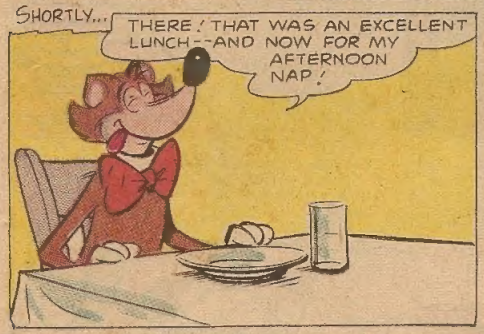

SO TIME HAS STOPPED AND FROM NOW ON OUT IT'S LUNCH TIME--DAT'S WHAT--AND I WASH ME HANDS A' DA WHOLE MESS YA GOT YERSELF INTO!

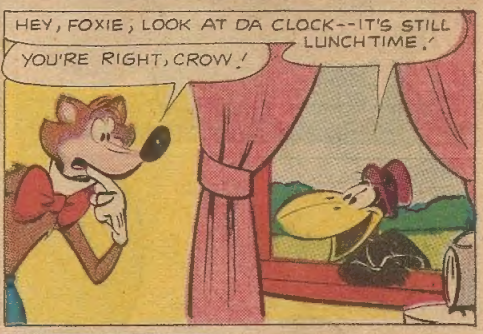

HUH! LUNCH TIME IS AN EXCELLENT TIME FOR TIME TO STAND STILL--WHAT IF WE WERE STUCK WITH MIDNIGHT--WE COULD ALL STARVE TO DEATH!


NOW TA SHED ME FATHER TIME SUIT AN' START LIVIN' IT UP!

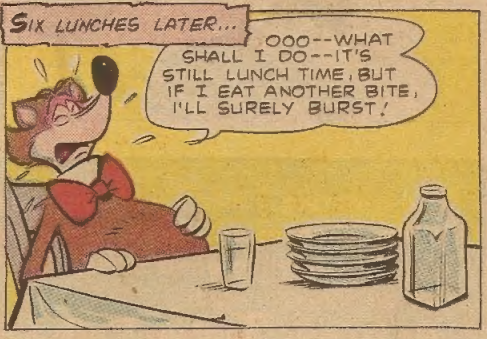

IT'S LUNCH TIME, FOXIE--HOW ABOUT GIVING ME A' INVITE ?
I'LL DO NOTHING OF THE SORT, CROW--IF YOU WANT LUNCH, GO PREPARE YOUR OWN !


OH, WELL, HE CAN'T BLAME ME FER TRYIN'--I'LL GIVE FOXIE A LIL' TIME AND HE'LL COME AROUND !
SLAM!

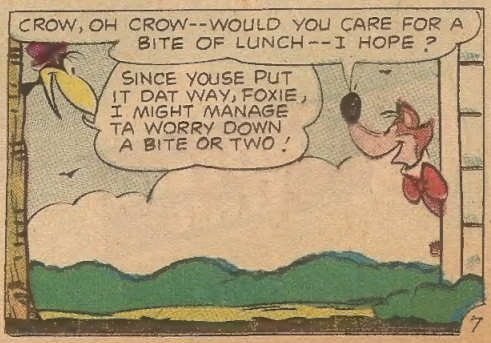

SHORTLY...
THERE ! THAT WAS AN EXCELLENT LUNCH--AND NOW FOR MY AFTERNOON NAP !

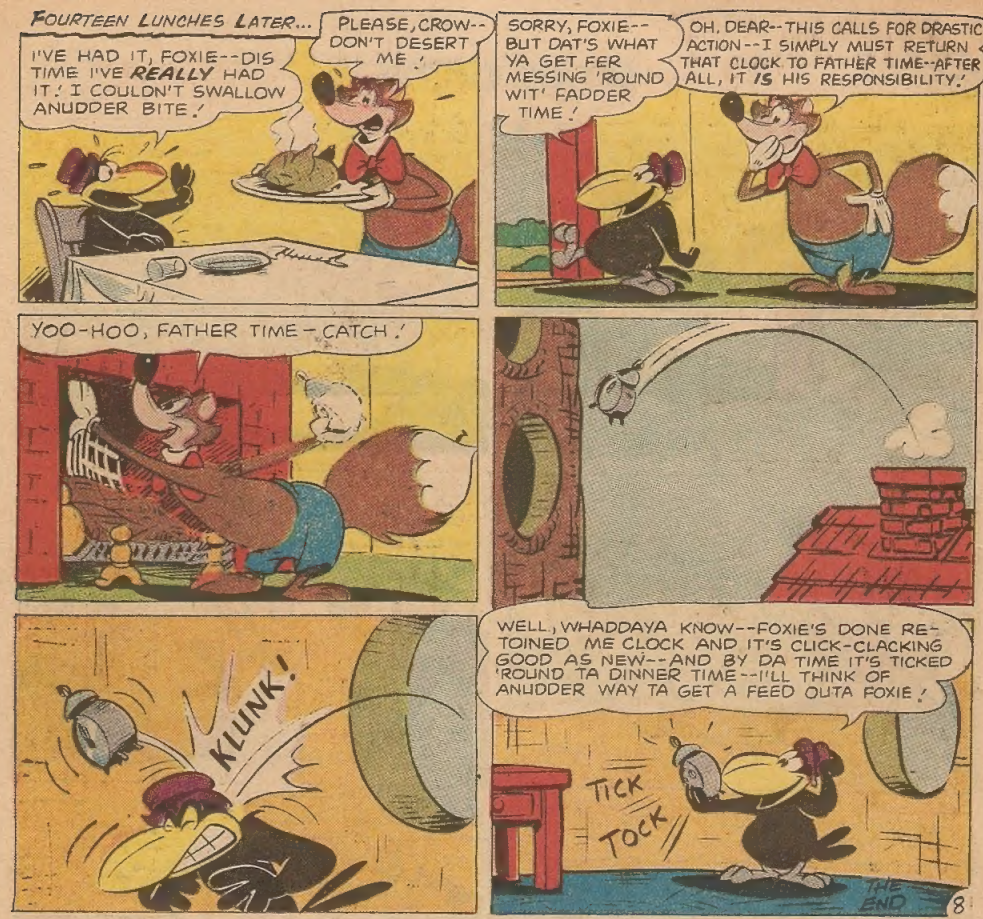

HEY, FOXIE, LOOK AT DA CLOCK--IT'S STILL LUNCHTIME !
YOU'RE RIGHT, CROW !

OH, DEAR--I SUPPOSE THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT PREPARE ANOTHER LUNCH !


SIX LUNCHES LATER...
OOO--WHAT SHALL I DO--IT'S STILL LUNCH TIME, BUT IF I EAT ANOTHER BITE, I'LL SURELY BURST !

BUT WAIT--THERE'S THAT CROW--PERHAPS I CAN PERSUADE HIM TO TAKE MY PLACE !


CROW, OH CROW--WOULD YOU CARE FOR A BITE OF LUNCH--I HOPE ?
SINCE YOUSE PUT IT DAT WAY, FOXIE, I MIGHT MANAGE TA WORRY DOWN A BITE OR TWO !


FOURTEEN LUNCHES LATER...
I'VE HAD IT, FOXIE--DIS TIME I'VE REALLY HAD IT! I COULDN'T SWALLOW ANUDDER BITE!
PLEASE, CROW--DON'T DESERT ME!
SORRY, FOXIE--BUT DAT'S WHAT YA GET FER MESSING 'ROUND WIT' FADDER TIME!
OH, DEAR--THIS CALLS FOR DRASTIC ACTION--I SIMPLY MUST RETURN THAT CLOCK TO FATHER TIME--AFTER ALL, IT IS HIS RESPONSIBILITY!
YOO-HOO, FATHER TIME--CATCH!
KLUNK!
WELL, WHADDAYA KNOW--FOXIE'S DONE RE-TOINED ME CLOCK AND IT'S CLICK-CLACKING GOOD AS NEW--AND BY DA TIME IT'S TICKED 'ROUND TA DINNER TIME--I'LL THINK OF ANUDDER WAY TA GET A FEED OUTA FOXIE!
TICK
TOCK
THE END
8

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"I take chances on slopes, not on candy!
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I always keep **Tootsie Rolls** handy"

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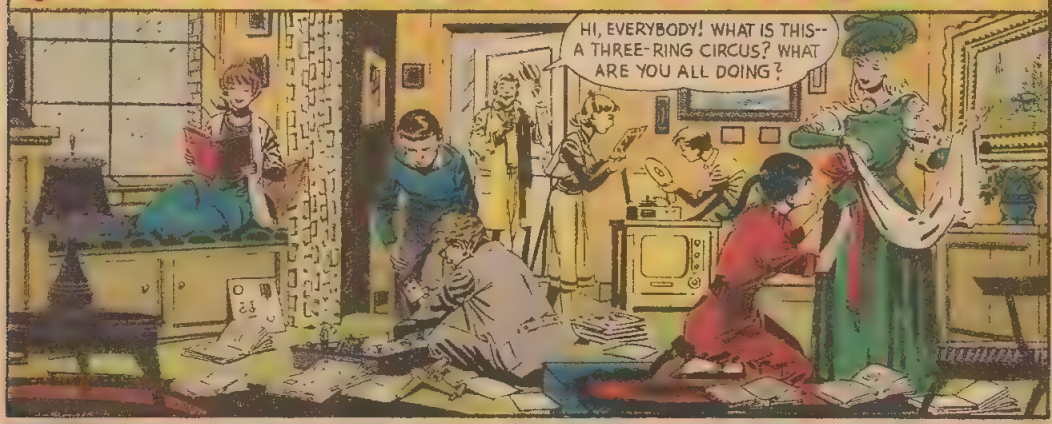

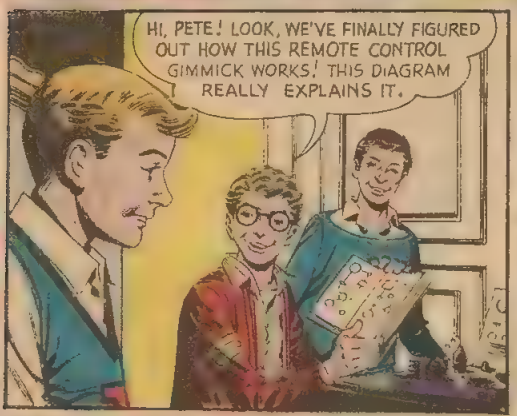

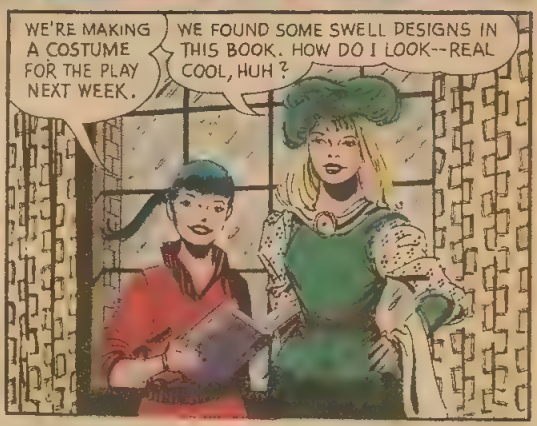

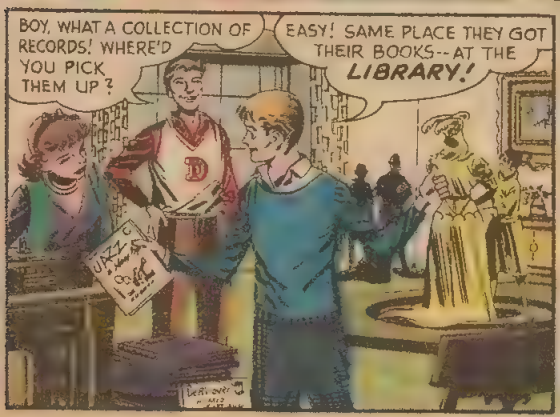

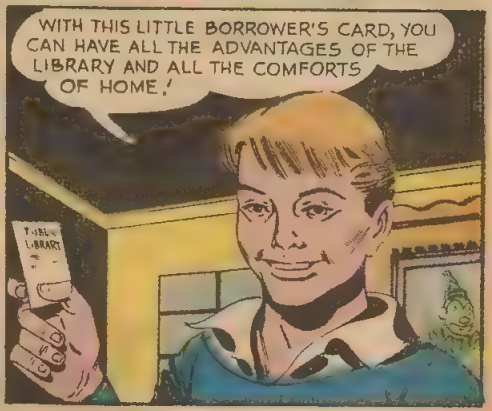

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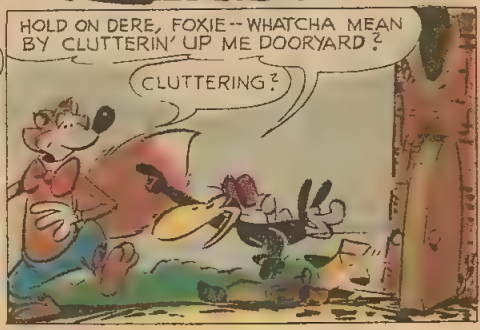
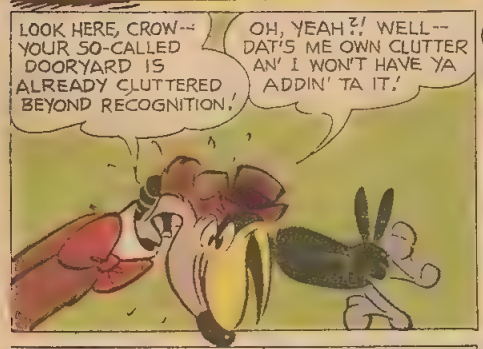
The FOX and the CROW
'TIS INDEED A JOY TO TEND A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN!
WHAT'S THIS?
OH NO — IT COULDN'T BE!
BUT IT IS!!
IT'S A WEED!
I HATE WEEDS!

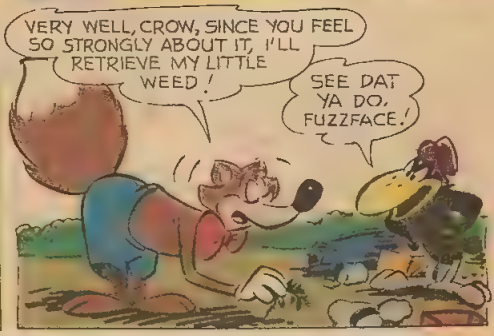
I MUST GET THIS FOUL WEED OFF MY PROPERTY BEFORE IT STARTS MULTIPLYING -- BUT HOW?

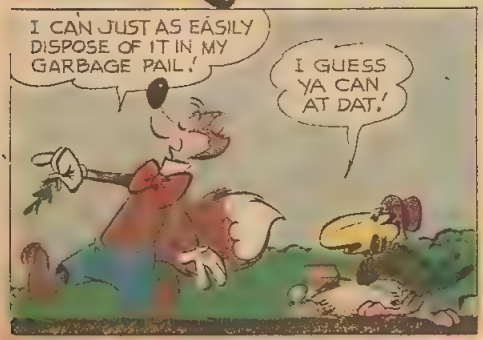
HEH-HEH-HEH!! I KNOW JUST THE PLACE FOR IT!

IT SHOULD BE PERFECTLY AT HOME IN THIS RUBBISH PILE OF THE CROW'S!
WHAT!??


HOLD ON DERE, FOXIE -- WHATCHA MEAN BY CLUTTERIN' UP ME DOORYARD?
CLUTTERING?


LOOK HERE, CROW -- YOUR SO-CALLED DOORYARD IS ALREADY CLUTTERED BEYOND RECOGNITION!
OH, YEAH?! WELL -- DAT'S ME OWN CLUTTER AN' I WON'T HAVE YA ADDIN' TA IT!


VERY WELL, CROW, SINCE YOU FEEL SO STRONGLY ABOUT IT, I'LL RETRIEVE MY LITTLE WEED!
SEE DAT YA DO, FUZZFACE!


I CAN JUST AS EASILY DISPOSE OF IT IN MY GARBAGE PAIL!
I GUESS YA CAN AT DAT.

SOMEWHERE I GOOFED -- LOOKS LIKE FOXIE AIN'T EVEN GONNA PUT UP A FIGHT!

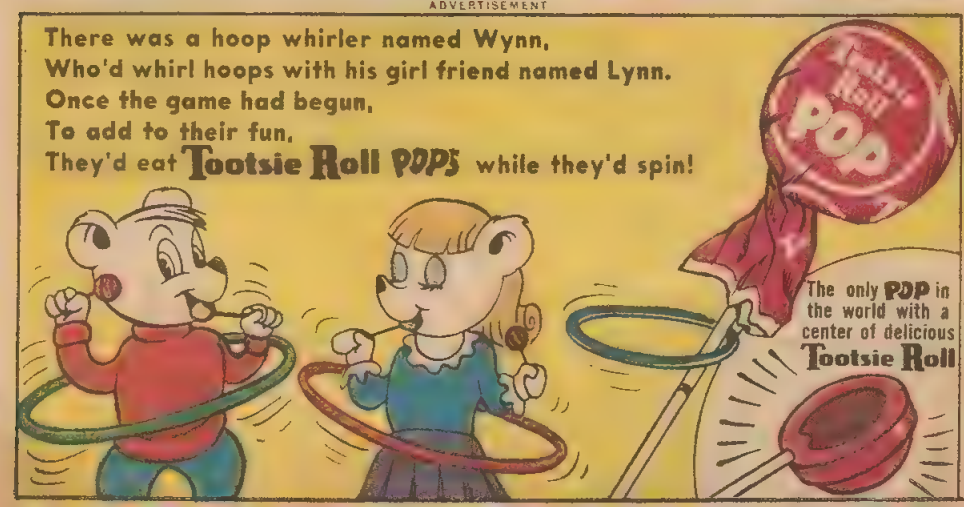
FOX & CROW

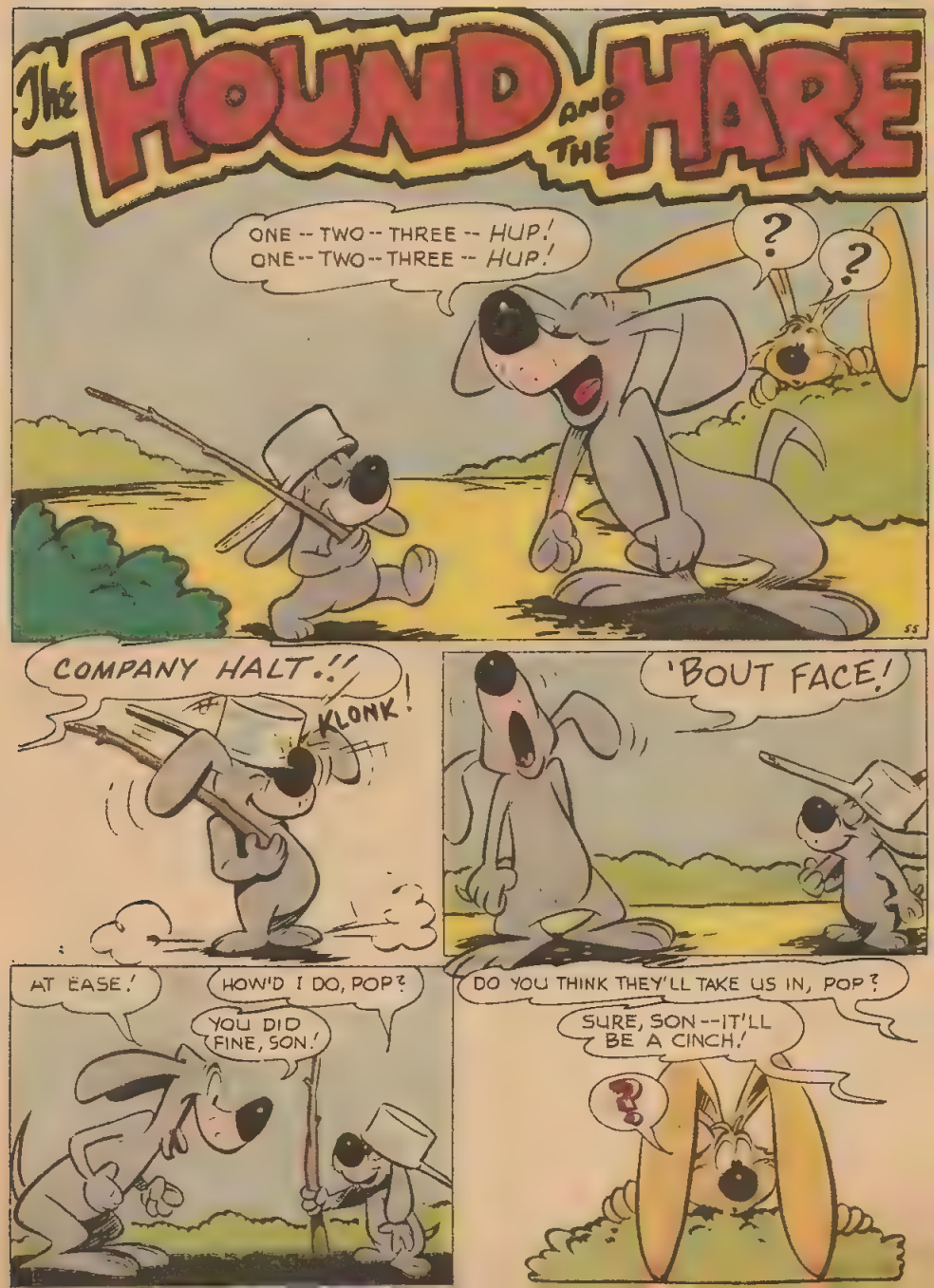
BUT IF I WOIK FAST I CAN STILL GET ME KICKS!
WHOA UP, FOXIE--LEMME HAVE ANUDDER LOOK AT DAT TENDER LI'L PLANT!
WELL, WHADDAYA KNOW! I KNOW IT'S NOTHING BUT A COMMON WEED, CROW!
IN DAT CASE YA WON'T MIND IF I TAKE IT FOR ME VERY OWN?
CERTAINLY NOT--TAKE IT AND WELCOME!
GEE, T'ANKS, FOXIE--DIS IS MY LUCKY DAY!
WHAT COULD HE MEAN BY THAT?
SOMETHING TELLS ME I'D BETTER FIND OUT!
DERE YA ARE IN YER NICE COZY BED, LI'L PLANT--I'LL TEND YA WID LOVIN' CARE AN' NURSE YA BACK TA HEALTH--'CAUSE YOUSE GONNA DO GREAT THINGS FER ME!
PARDON ME, CROW--MAY I ASK A QUESTION?
SHOOT, FOXIE--IF IT AIN'T TOO PERSONAL, I MIGHT EVEN ANSWER IT!

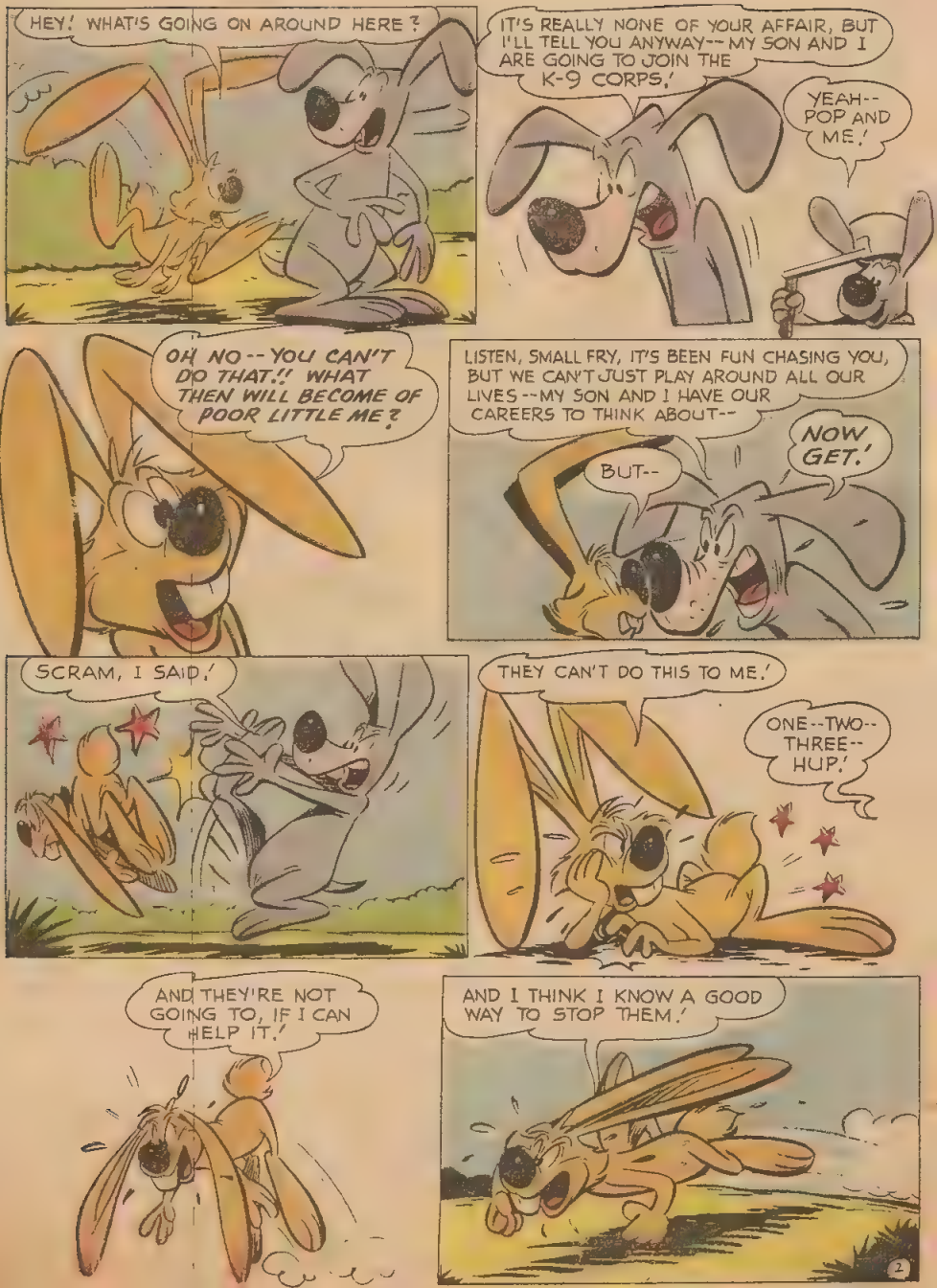
JUST WHAT KIND OF A PLANT IS THAT?
WHY, FOXIE, DAT LI'L PLANT IS A ALEMISIAEFOLIA AND IT BELONGS TA DA GENUS AMBROSIA!
AMBROSIA? AMBROSIA WAS THE FOOD OF THE GODS ON MOUNT OLYMPUS!
NOT ONLY DAT- IT IS ALSO IN DA COMPOSITAE FAMILY!
CROW, I SIMPLY MUST HAVE THAT PRECIOUS PLANT-- I'LL TRADE YOU MY WHOLE GARDEN FOR IT!
SINCE YOUSE IS MY BUDDY PAL, FOXIE, I'LL DO IT JEST FER YOUSE--- IT'S A DEAL!
OH, GOODIE- NOW TO GET OUT MY PLANT BOOK AND READ UP ON MY VALUABLE POSSESSION!
AND I BETTER HARVEST MY CROP BEFORE FOXIE WISES UP!
OH NO!! "ALEMISIAEFOLIA" BELONGING TO THE GENUS AMBROSIA IN THE COMPOSITAE FAMILY" IS NOTHING BUT A COMMON RAGWEED!
SO... ALL RIGHT, CROW-- YOU MIGHT AS WELL COME OUT--I'LL WAIT HERE ALL THROUGH THE WINTER IF NECESSARY!
AN' WITH ALL DA GOODIES I GOT OUTA YER GARDEN, I WON'T HAVE TA COME OUT BEFORE NEXT SPRING!
4

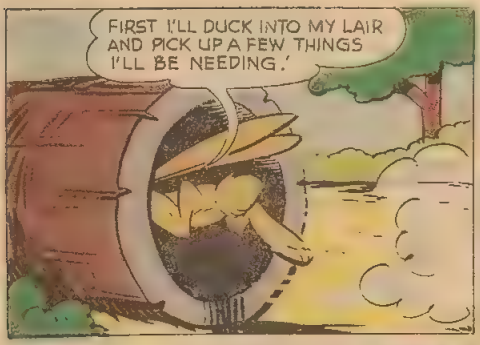
ADVERTISEMENT

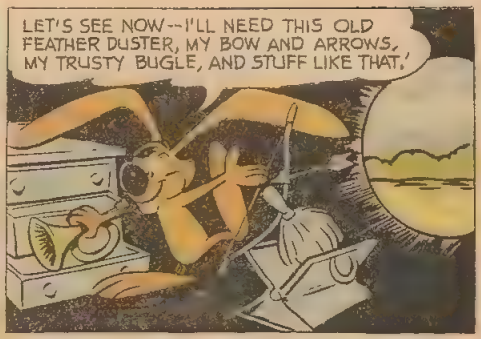
There was a hoop whirler named Wynn,
Who'd whirl hoops with his girl friend named Lynn.
Once the game had begun,
To add to their fun,
They'd eat **Tootsie Roll POPS** while they'd spin!

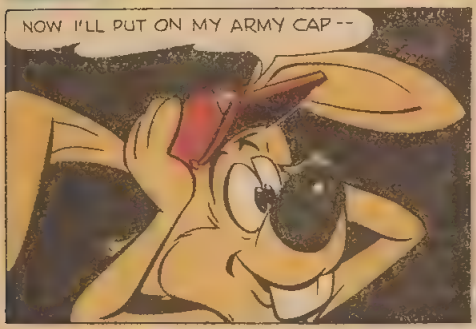


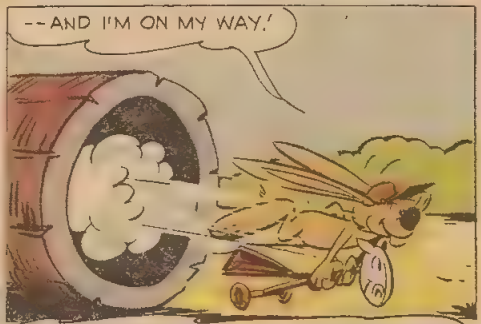

The HOUND AND THE HARE
ONE -- TWO -- THREE -- HUP!
ONE -- TWO -- THREE -- HUP!
?
?
55
COMPANY HALT.!!
KLONK!
'BOUT FACE!
AT EASE.'
HOW'D I DO, POP?
YOU DID FINE, SON.'
DO YOU THINK THEY'LL TAKE US IN, POP?
SURE, SON -- IT'LL BE A CINCH.'
?

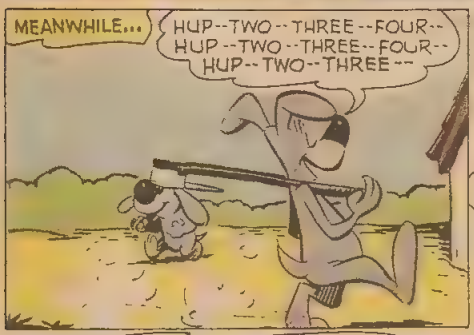

HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE?
IT'S REALLY NONE OF YOUR AFFAIR, BUT I'LL TELL YOU ANYWAY-- MY SON AND I ARE GOING TO JOIN THE K-9 CORPS.'
YEAH-- POP AND ME.'
OH NO -- YOU CAN'T DO THAT.!! WHAT THEN WILL BECOME OF POOR LITTLE ME?
LISTEN, SMALL FRY, IT'S BEEN FUN CHASING YOU, BUT WE CAN'T JUST PLAY AROUND ALL OUR LIVES -- MY SON AND I HAVE OUR CAREERS TO THINK ABOUT--
BUT--
NOW GET.'
SCRAM, I SAID.'
THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO ME.'
ONE--TWO-- THREE-- HUP.'
AND THEY'RE NOT GOING TO, IF I CAN HELP IT.'
AND I THINK I KNOW A GOOD WAY TO STOP THEM.'

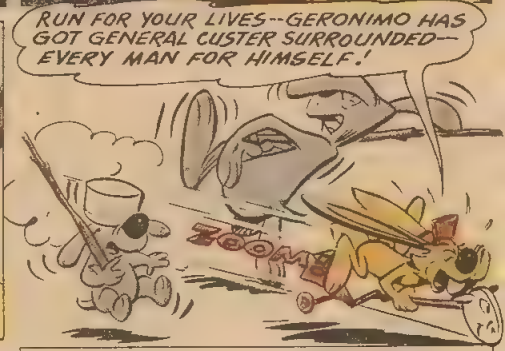

FIRST I'LL DUCK INTO MY LAIR AND PICK UP A FEW THINGS I'LL BE NEEDING.'


LET'S SEE NOW--I'LL NEED THIS OLD FEATHER DUSTER, MY BOW AND ARROWS, MY TRUSTY BUGLE, AND STUFF LIKE THAT.'

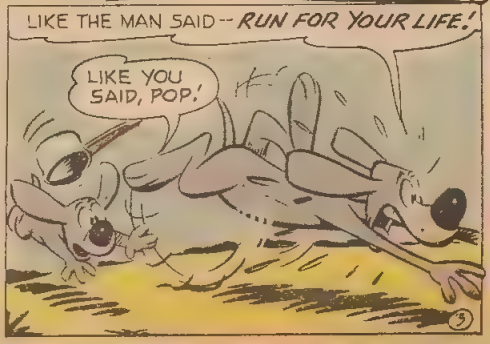

NOW I'LL PUT ON MY ARMY CAP--

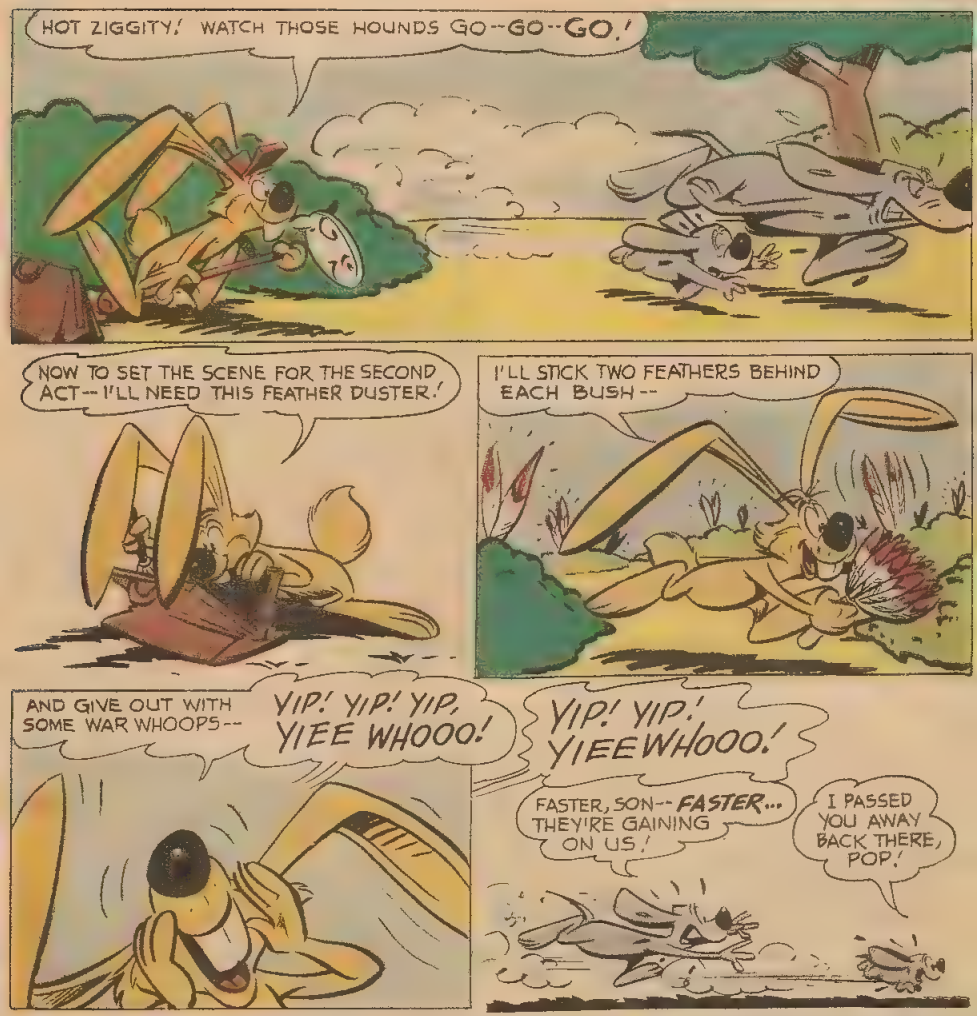

--AND I'M ON MY WAY.'


MEANWHILE...
HUP--TWO--THREE--FOUR--
HUP--TWO--THREE--FOUR--
HUP--TWO--THREE--

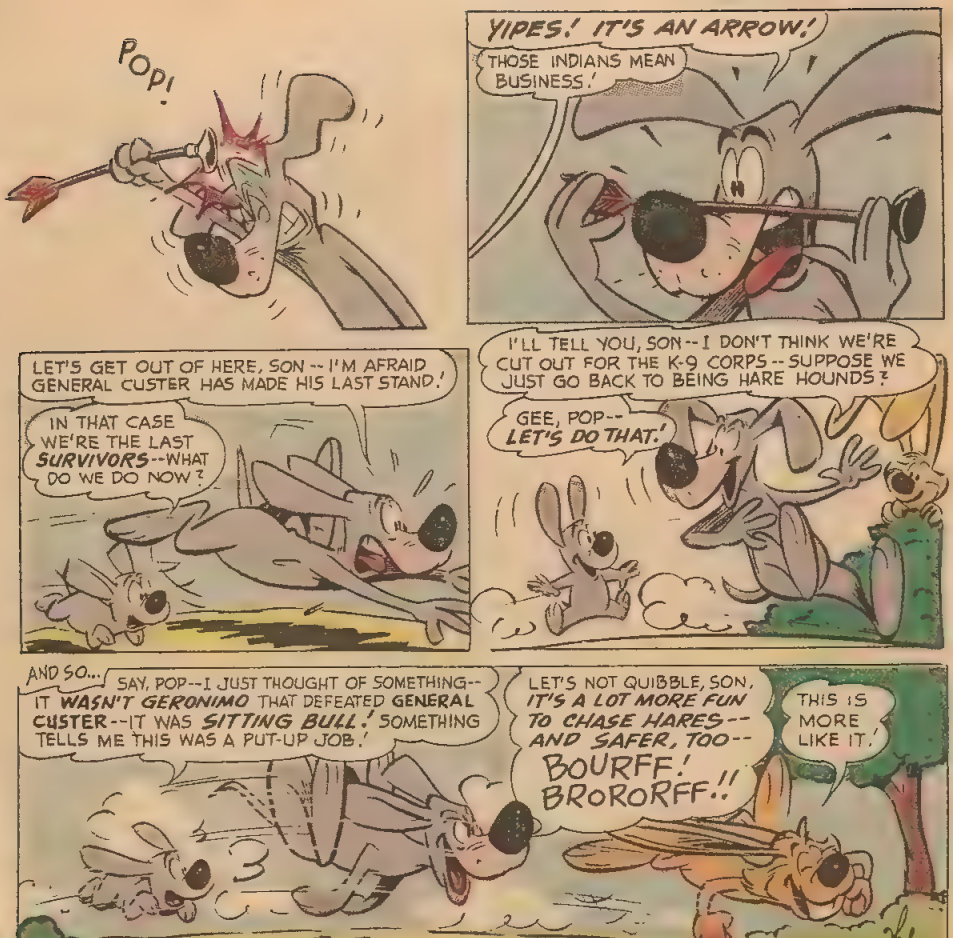

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES--GERONIMO HAS GOT GENERAL CUSTER SURROUNDED--EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF.!
ZOOM!

YIPES.' DID YOU HEAR THAT, SON--THE INDIANS MUST BE ON THE WARPATH.!!
WHAT'LL WE DO, POP?


LIKE THE MAN SAID--RUN FOR YOUR LIFE.'
LIKE YOU SAID, POP.'


HOT ZIGGITY! WATCH THOSE HOUNDS GO--GO--GO!
NOW TO SET THE SCENE FOR THE SECOND ACT--I'LL NEED THIS FEATHER DUSTER!
I'LL STICK TWO FEATHERS BEHIND EACH BUSH--
AND GIVE OUT WITH SOME WAR WHOOPS--
YIP! YIP! YIP, YIEE WHOOO!
YIP! YIP! YIEEWHOOO!
FASTER, SON--FASTER... THEY'RE GAINING ON US!
I PASSED YOU AWAY BACK THERE, POP!
NOW I'LL BLOW "CALL TO ARMS", AND SEE IF THE K-9 CORPS RESPONDS--
TRA-TRA-TRA
TA-TAT
TRAT-TAT!

TRA--TRA--TAAA
TRAA--TAT TAAA
HOLD IT SON.
HOLD WHAT, POP?
HOLD EVERYTHING-- THAT'S THE CALL TO ARMS AND WE MUST REMEMBER--WE'RE SOLDIERS--GENERAL CUSTER NEEDS HELP!!
I WAS AFRAID YOU'D SAY THAT.
TRATT-TA-TAA-
THE BUGLE CALLS! LET'S GET WITH IT.
I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU, POP!
LOOK, POP, WE'RE SURROUNDED BY INDIANS.
OOO-HOO-HOO. YOU'RE SO RIGHT, SON.
THE TIME HAS COME TO SET OFF THESE FIRE CRACKERS I BROUGHT ALONG.
SSSSS
SSSSS
BAM! WHAM!
BANG! POW!
BAM!
POP!
THE BATTLE'S GETTING HOT.
YOU RE NOT KIDDING, POP.
NOW I SHALL SHOOT AN ARROW.
TWANG!
PLOCK!
5


POP!
YIPES! IT'S AN ARROW!
THOSE INDIANS MEAN BUSINESS!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, SON -- I'M AFRAID GENERAL CUSTER HAS MADE HIS LAST STAND!
IN THAT CASE WE'RE THE LAST SURVIVORS--WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
I'LL TELL YOU, SON -- I DON'T THINK WE'RE CUT OUT FOR THE K-9 CORPS -- SUPPOSE WE JUST GO BACK TO BEING HARE HOUNDS?
GEE, POP-- LET'S DO THAT!
AND SO...
SAY, POP--I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING-- IT WASN'T GERONIMO THAT DEFEATED GENERAL CUSTER--IT WAS SITTING BULL! SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS WAS A PUT-UP JOB!
LET'S NOT QUIBBLE, SON, IT'S A LOT MORE FUN TO CHASE HARES-- AND SAFER, TOO--
BOURFF! BRORORFF!!
THIS IS MORE LIKE IT!

STATEMENT REQUIRED by the ACT of AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED by the ACTS of MARCH 3, 1933, and JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF THE FOX AND THE CROW, published 8 times yearly at Sparta, Illinois for October 1, 1958.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, National Comics Publications, Inc.; Editor, F. W. Ellsworth; Managing editor, None; Business manager, J. S. Liebowitz, all at 575 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member must be given.) National Comics Publications, Inc., H. Donenfeld, J. S. Liebowitz, P. H. Sampliner, G. Donenfeld, S. U. Sampliner, F. Iger, I. Donenfeld, S. Iger, A. Donenfeld, J. S. Liebowitz and A. S. Herzog as Trustees for I. Donenfeld and S. Donenfeld, I. Rappaport and J. I. Golinko as Trustees for L. Liebowitz and J. Liebowitz, H. Donenfeld Foundation, Inc. (a non-stock corp. H. Donenfeld, Pres., I. Donenfeld, Sec'y.), Estate of R. Liebowitz, all at 575 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

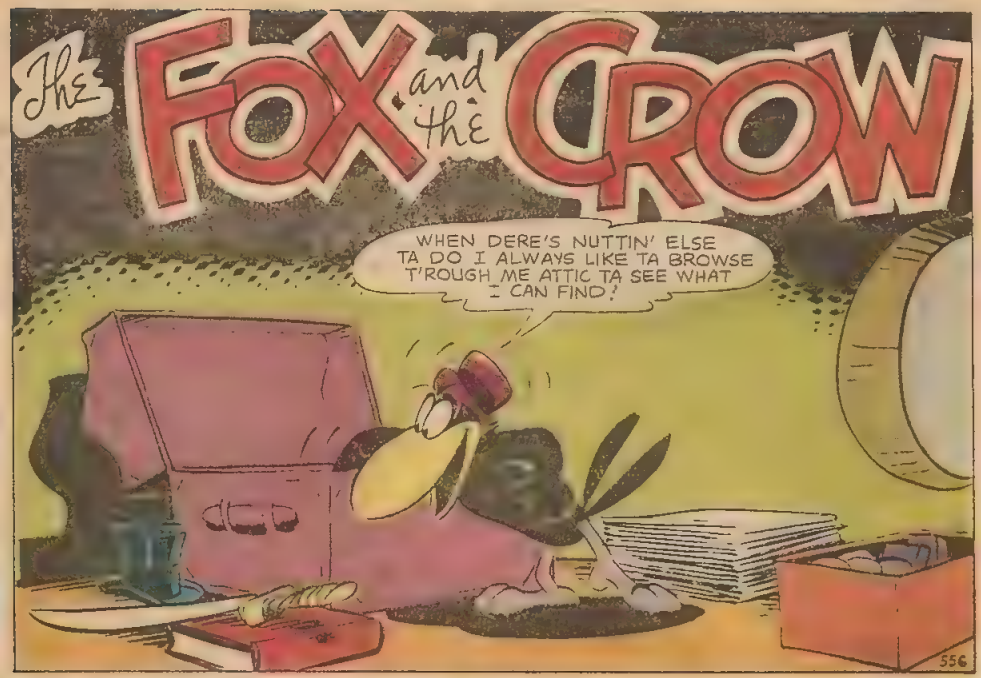
3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

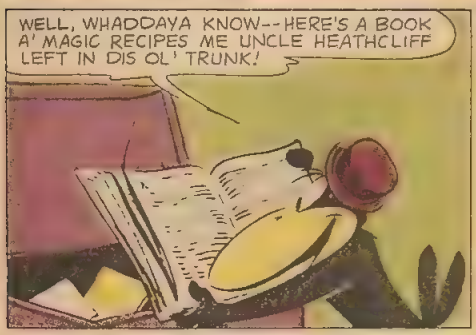
4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee, or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. J. S. Liebowitz, Business Manager.

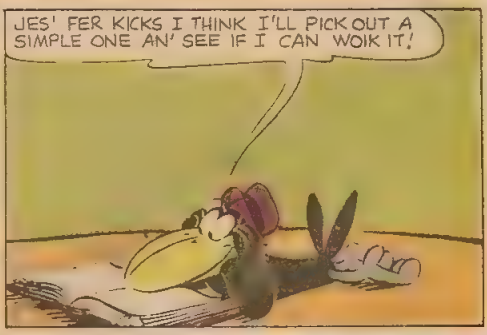
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of Sept., 1958

Daniel Epstein, Notary Public

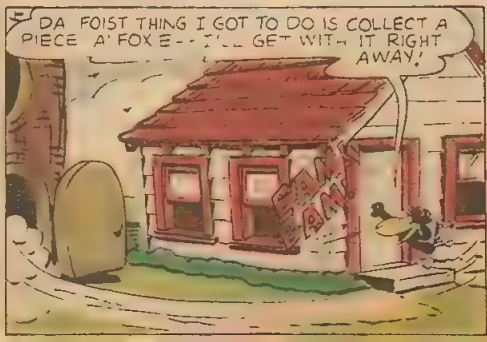
(My commission expires March 30, 1959)


The FOX and the CROW
WHEN DERE'S NUTTIN' ELSE TA DO I ALWAYS LIKE TA BROWSE T'ROUGH ME ATTIC TA SEE WHAT I CAN FIND!
556

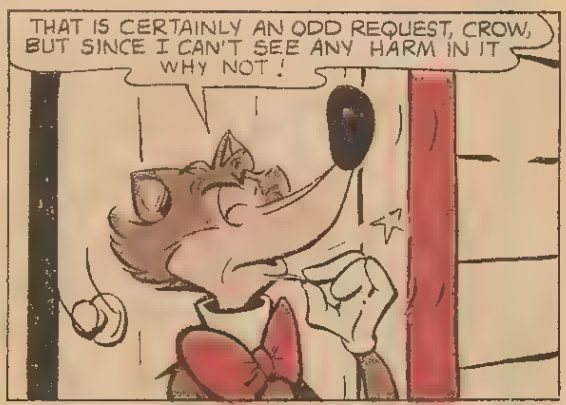

WELL, WHADDAYA KNOW--HERE'S A BOOK A' MAGIC RECIPES ME UNCLE HEATHCLIFF LEFT IN DIS OL' TRUNK!

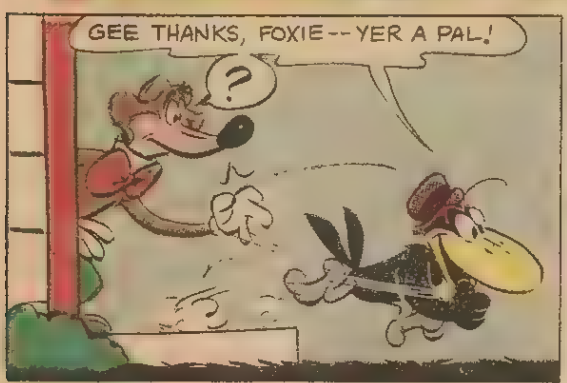

JES' FER KICKS I THINK I'LL PICK OUT A SIMPLE ONE AN' SEE IF I CAN WOIK IT!

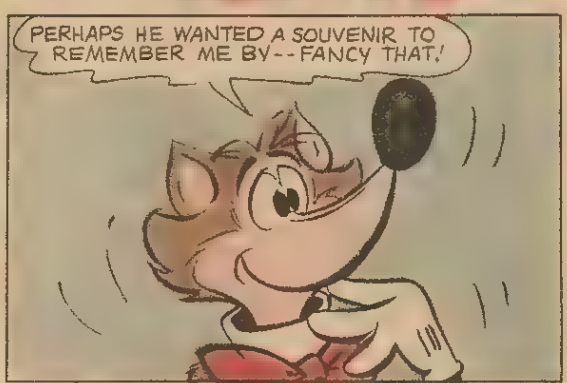
HEY! HERE'S A KEEN TRICK I CAN PULL ON FOXIE!


DA FOIST THING I GOT TO DO IS COLLECT A PIECE A' FOXE -- I'LL GET WITH IT RIGHT AWAY!

YES, CROW--WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
HOW ABOUT LENDIN ME A FEW CHIN WHISKERS, FUZZFACE!?


THAT IS CERTAINLY AN ODD REQUEST, CROW, BUT SINCE I CAN'T SEE ANY HARM IN IT WHY NOT!


GEE THANKS, FOXIE--YER A PAL!
?


PERHAPS HE WANTED A SOUVENIR TO REMEMBER ME BY--FANCY THAT!

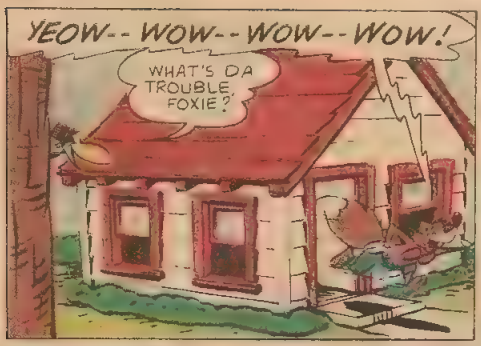
SHORTLY...
ACCORDIN' TA DA RECIPE IN DIS BOOK, IF I BUILD A SMALL MODEL A' SOMEONE AN' I INCLUDE SUMPTIN' DAT BELONGS TA HIM I CAN HAVE MESELF A LOT A FUN!
GLUE

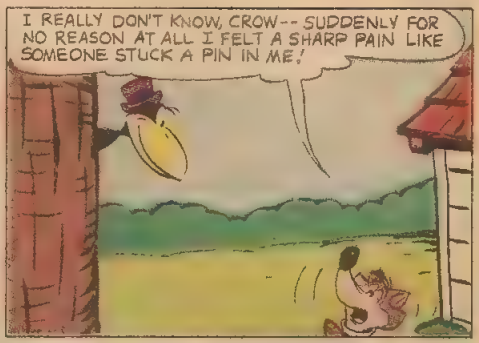
DERE! IT'S ALL COMPLETED AN' IT LOOKS JES' LIKE FOXIE--IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF!

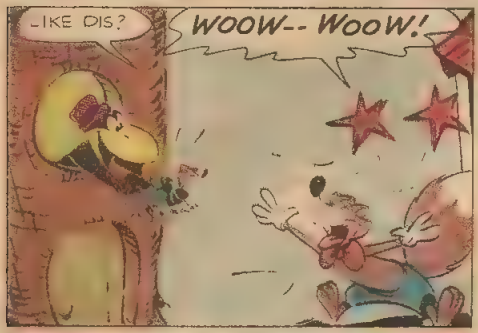
NOW TA TAKE DIS PIN AN' GIVE IT A TEST!

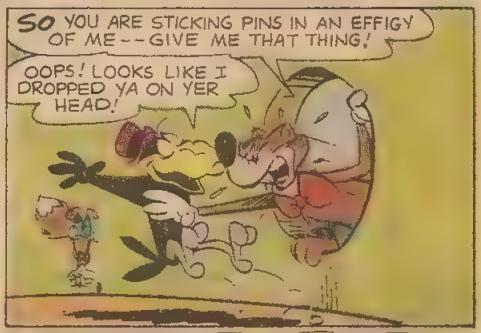
OUCH!

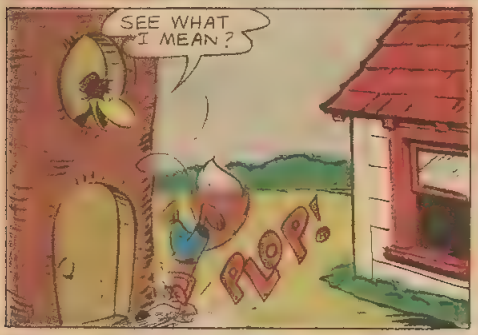
FOX & CROW

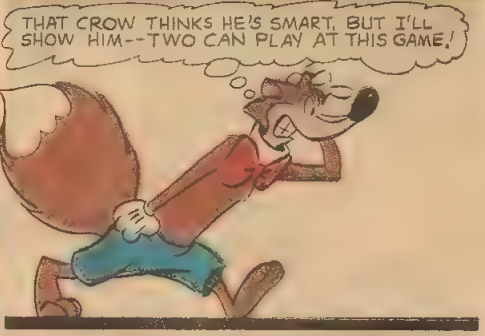

YEOW-- WOW-- WOW-- WOW!
WHAT'S DA TROUBLE FOXIE?

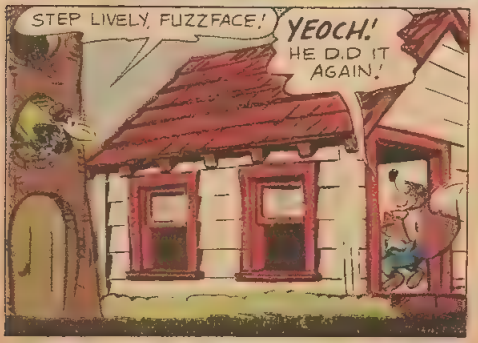

I REALLY DON'T KNOW, CROW-- SUDDENLY FOR NO REASON AT ALL I FELT A SHARP PAIN LIKE SOMEONE STUCK A PIN IN ME!

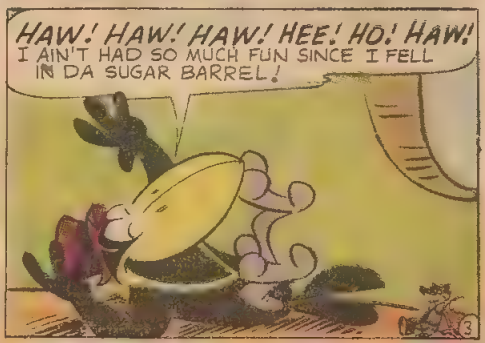

-IKE DIS?
WOOW-- WOOW!


SO YOU ARE STICKING PINS IN AN EFFIGY OF ME--GIVE ME THAT THING!
OOPS! LOOKS LIKE I DROPPED YA ON YER HEAD!


SEE WHAT I MEAN?
PLOP!


THAT CROW THINKS HE'S SMART, BUT I'LL SHOW HIM--TWO CAN PLAY AT THIS GAME!


STEP LIVELY, FUZZFACE!
YEOCH! HE D.D IT AGAIN!


HAW! HAW! HAW! HEE! HO! HAW!
I AIN'T HAD SO MUCH FUN SINCE I FELL IN DA SUGAR BARREL!

MAKING AN EFFIGY OF THAT CROW IS CHILD'S PLAY!
NOW FOR SOME EXTRA SPECIAL STUFFING!
EXTRA 'HOT' PEPPERS
AN THEN I'LL INSERT A COUPLE OF CROWFEATHERS -- I DON'T NEED ANYTHING AS CRUDE AS A PIN.'
YEOW!
WHOO--HOO--HOO--GANGWAY! IT'S A THREE ALARM FIRE!
THAT CROW SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO DO BUSINESS WITH NOW!
WHAT YOU SAY, CROW-- SHALL WE TRADE?
SURE THING FOXIE-- EVEN STEVEN!
SO...
DAT'S MORE LIKE IT--SINCE I TOOK DA PEPPERS OUT AN' STUFFED DIS THING WITH ME FAVORITE JELLY — I FEEL GREAT!
GRAPE JELLY
4
The End

ADVERTISEMENT

A Captain came in on the tide
In an atom-powered sub called "the Glide"
When asked if his ship
Had had a rough trip,
"Smooth as **Tootsie Roll** *Fudge*!" he replied.

THE LION CONQUEROR

"OUR forest is ruined!" cried the bears.

"It is no longer pleasant to live here!" cried the tigers.

"Our lives are all in danger!" cried the elephants.

"Either we must leave this forest or *he* must!" cried the hippopotamuses.

The enemy of whom they were speaking was none other than Lucifer Lion, the fiercest and most evil-hearted stranger ever to invade their beautiful forest homeland. Where he had come from, no one knew, but wherever it was, they all wished he would go back. Ever since his terrible roar had been heard in the forest, not a single animal was safe. Even the wilder creatures—the panthers, the jaguars, the grizzlies—were terrified. Lucifer Lion had been known to wound a tiger with a single flick of his mighty tail!

At a forest council, Roger Rhinoceros asked, "Is there no one who Lucifer fears?"

And they all answered sadly, "No, no one at all."

Then Roger said, "Is there *nothing* Lucifer fears?"

All were silent a moment. Then Andy Alligator said, "Perhaps the lion does have a fear we are not aware of. But even if he does, how can we ever find out about it?"

Roger said, "Someone could hide in the underbrush near his home. Sooner or later, if he does have a fear, it would be discovered."

But nobody wanted to be the one to hide near Lucifer's home. The mission was too dangerous. Suddenly a small voice spoke up. "I volunteer to do it." It was tiny Earl Ermine!

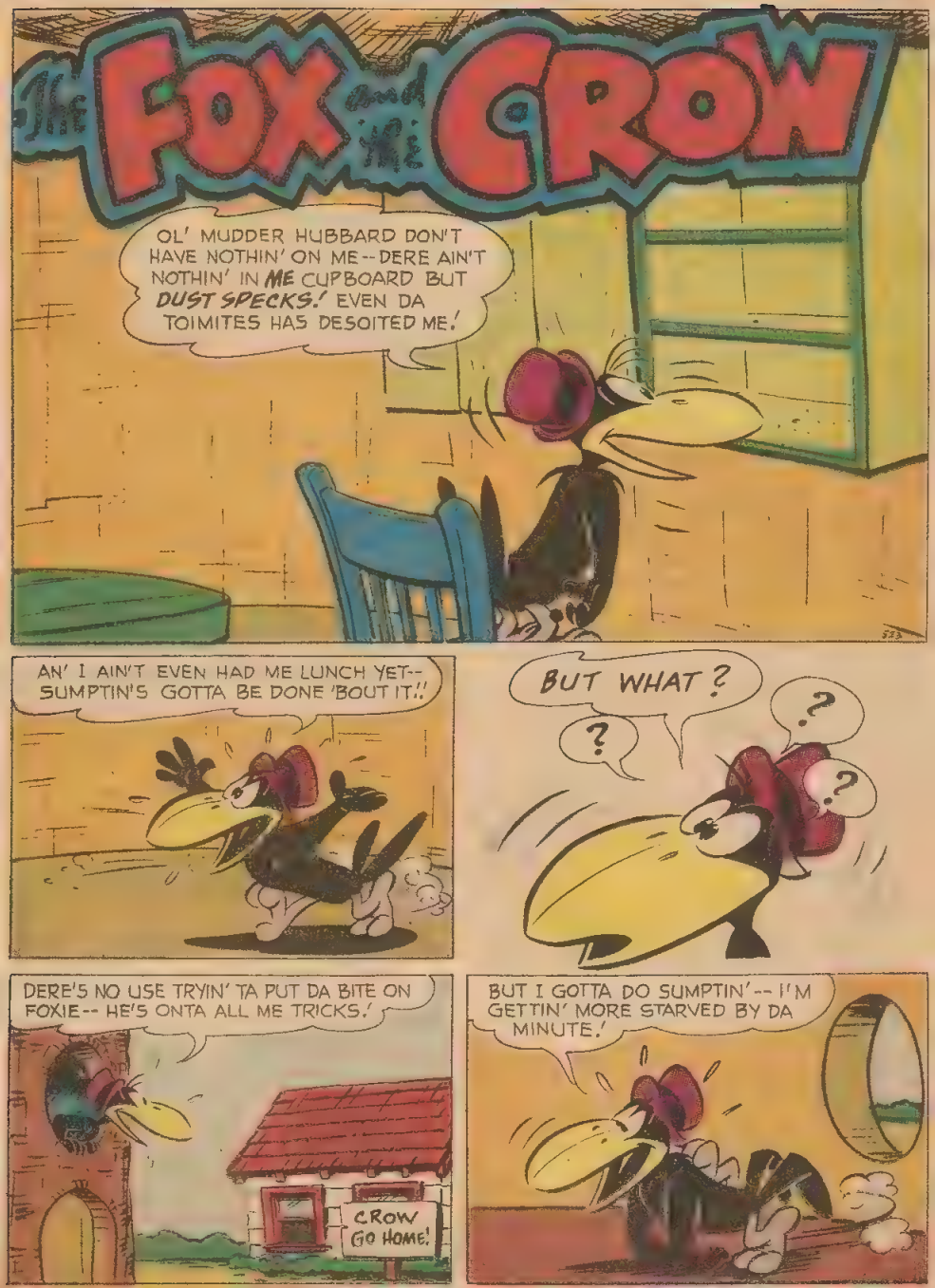
So the next day Earl crouched low in the underbrush near Lucifer's home. Earl shuddered when the lion roared. He trembled when the lion passed close by, his great muscles rippling beneath his tawny skin. He shook as he watched the lion eat his food, ripping it apart with his huge sharp teeth and huge sharp claws. But Earl stayed on at his post, watching and listening, until on a hot night, he discovered Lucifer's one fear! A thunderstorm broke out overhead. As the rain poured down, Earl heard a sound. The sound was louder than the crack of thunder. It was the lion, howling with fright! Each time the lightning flashed Earl could see Lucifer's horrified face!

Back to the forest council Earl hurried. He told the others what he had found out. Roger Rhinoceros replied, "Ah! We'll give that creature a thunderstorm every single night, until he leaves our homeland."

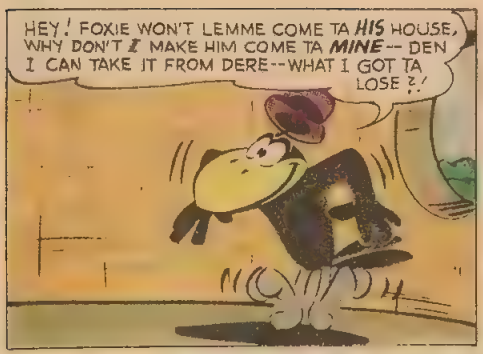
And that's just what they did! The elephants and the fireflies cooperated in the trick. All night, as thousands of fireflies in clusters zoomed down at Lucifer from the black sky, just like lightning, the elephants ran in packs across the ground nearby, so that their heavy hoofs sounded like thunder! And the monkeys in the tree above Lucifer sprinkled coconut milk on him so he thought it was raining!

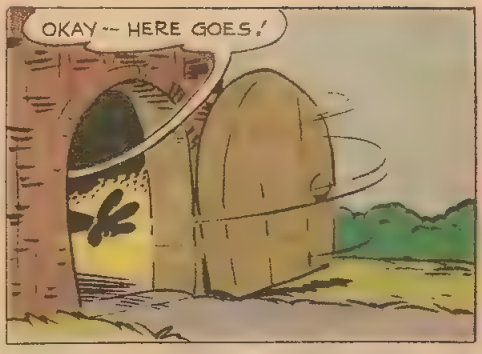
Lucifer hid his head in his paws. He howled. Night after night he got no sleep at all! Finally he disappeared from the forest, never to return again!

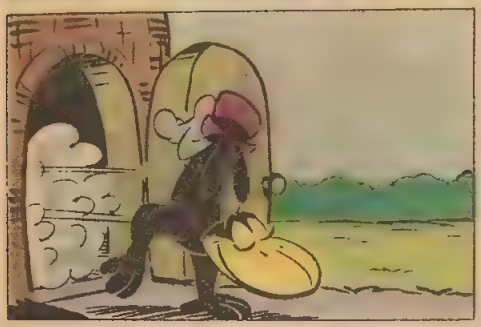
Then Roger Rhinoceros congratulated the elephants and the fireflies and the monkeys, and to brave little Earl Ermine he gave a gold medal which said: LION CONQUEROR.

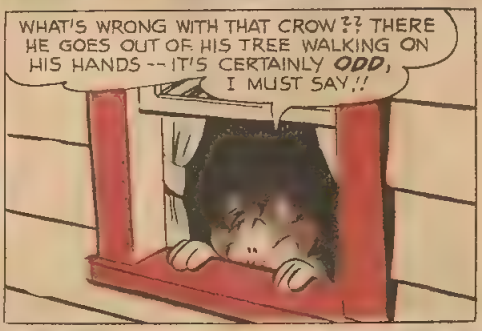

The FOX and the CROW
OL' MUDDER HUBBARD DON'T HAVE NOTHIN' ON ME--DERE AIN'T NOTHIN' IN ME CUPBOARD BUT DUST SPECKS! EVEN DA TOIMITES HAS DESOITED ME!
AN' I AIN'T EVEN HAD ME LUNCH YET--SUMPTIN'S GOTTA BE DONE 'BOUT IT!!
BUT WHAT ?
? ? ?
DERE'S NO USE TRYIN' TA PUT DA BITE ON FOXIE-- HE'S ONTA ALL ME TRICKS.
CROW GO HOME!
BUT I GOTTA DO SUMPTIN'--I'M GETTIN' MORE STARVED BY DA MINUTE.

FOX & CROW

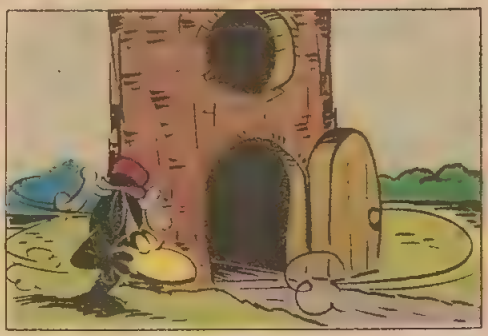

HEY! FOXIE WON'T LEMME COME TA HIS HOUSE, WHY DON'T I MAKE HIM COME TA MINE -- DEN I CAN TAKE IT FROM DERE -- WHAT I GOT TA LOSE?!

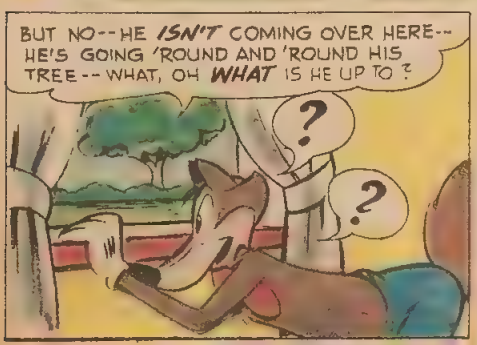

OKAY -- HERE GOES!

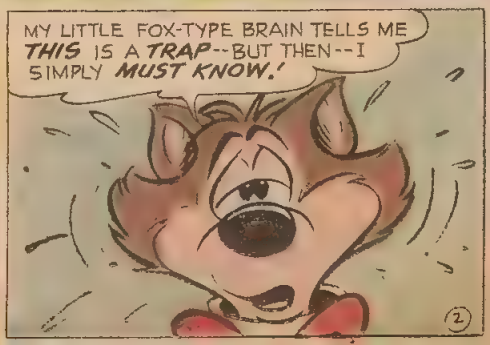


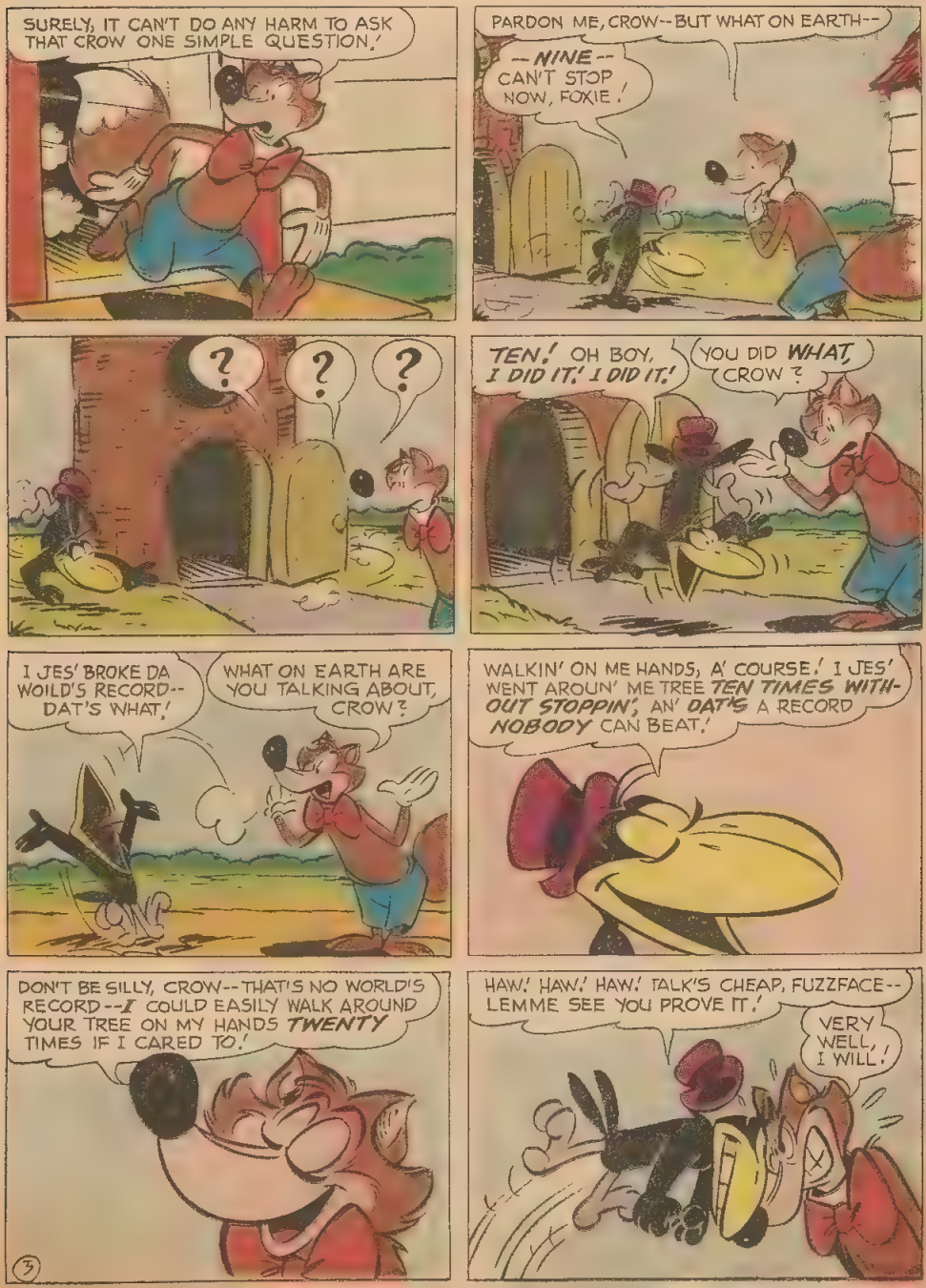

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT CROW?? THERE HE GOES OUT OF HIS TREE WALKING ON HIS HANDS -- IT'S CERTAINLY ODD, I MUST SAY!!

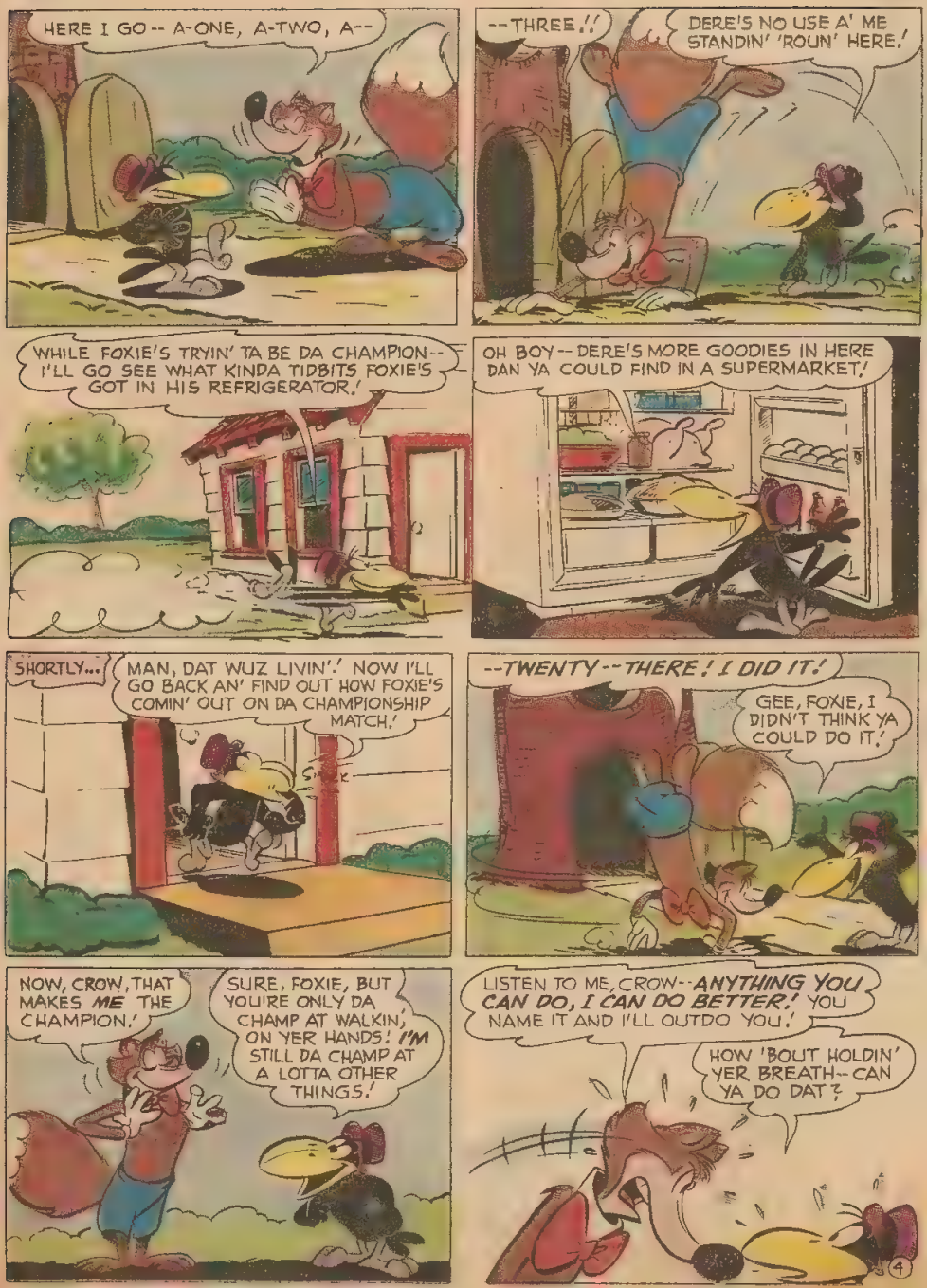
ODD?? THERE'S NOTHING ODD ABOUT IF -- HE'S COMING OVER HERE TO ASK FOR A HANDOUT, AND HE'S WALKING ON HIS HANDS TO INCITE MY CURIOSITY SO I WILL ANSWER THE DOOR WHEN HE GETS HERE -- WELL! I WON'T FALL FOR IT!

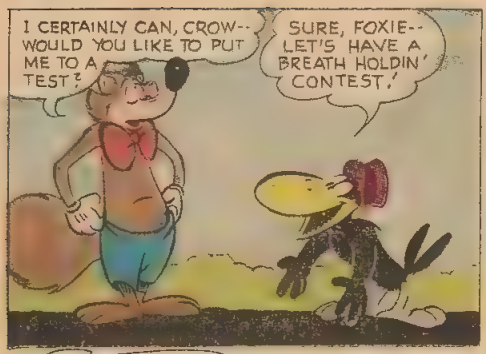


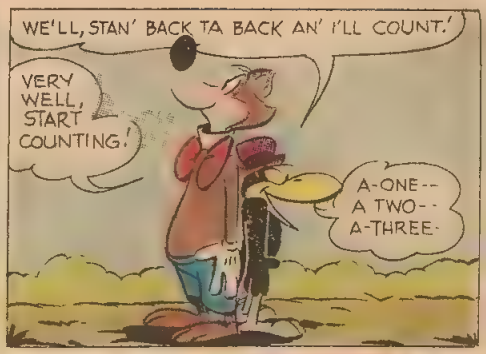

BUT NO -- HE ISN'T COMING OVER HERE -- HE'S GOING 'ROUND AND 'ROUND HIS TREE -- WHAT, OH WHAT IS HE UP TO?
?
?


MY LITTLE FOX-TYPE BRAIN TELLS ME THIS IS A TRAP -- BUT THEN -- I SIMPLY MUST KNOW!
2

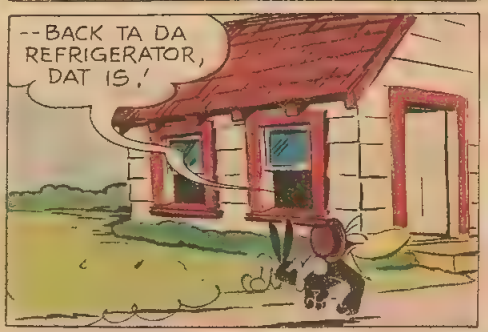

SURELY, IT CAN'T DO ANY HARM TO ASK THAT CROW ONE SIMPLE QUESTION.'
PARDON ME, CROW--BUT WHAT ON EARTH--
--NINE--
CAN'T STOP NOW, FOXIE.'
? ? ?
TEN.' OH BOY, I DID IT.' I DID IT.'
YOU DID WHAT, CROW?
I JES' BROKE DA WOILD'S RECORD-- DAT'S WHAT.'
WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, CROW?
WALKIN' ON ME HANDS, A' COURSE.' I JES' WENT AROUN' ME TREE TEN TIMES WITHOUT STOPPIN', AN' DAT'S A RECORD NOBODY CAN BEAT.'
DON'T BE SILLY, CROW--THAT'S NO WORLD'S RECORD--I COULD EASILY WALK AROUND YOUR TREE ON MY HANDS TWENTY TIMES IF I CARED TO.'
HAW.' HAW.' HAW.' TALK'S CHEAP, FUZZFACE-- LEMME SEE YOU PROVE IT.'
VERY WELL, I WILL.'

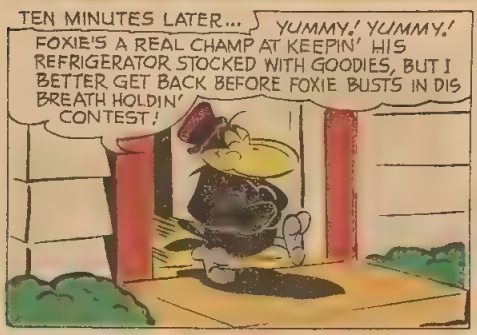

HERE I GO -- A-ONE, A-TWO, A--
--THREE!!
DERE'S NO USE A' ME STANDIN' 'ROUN' HERE.'
WHILE FOXIE'S TRYIN' TA BE DA CHAMPION-- I'LL GO SEE WHAT KINDA TIDBITS FOXIE'S GOT IN HIS REFRIGERATOR.'
OH BOY -- DERE'S MORE GOODIES IN HERE DAN YA COULD FIND IN A SUPERMARKET.'
SHORTLY...
MAN, DAT WUZ LIVIN'.' NOW I'LL GO BACK AN' FIND OUT HOW FOXIE'S COMIN' OUT ON DA CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.'
--TWENTY -- THERE! I DID IT.'
GEE, FOXIE, I DIDN'T THINK YA COULD DO IT.'
NOW, CROW, THAT MAKES ME THE CHAMPION.'
SURE, FOXIE, BUT YOU'RE ONLY DA CHAMP AT WALKIN, ON YER HANDS! I'M STILL DA CHAMP AT A LOTTA OTHER THINGS.'
LISTEN TO ME, CROW -- ANYTHING YOU CAN DO, I CAN DO BETTER.' YOU NAME IT AND I'LL OUTDO YOU.'
HOW 'BOUT HOLDIN' YER BREATH -- CAN YA DO DAT?

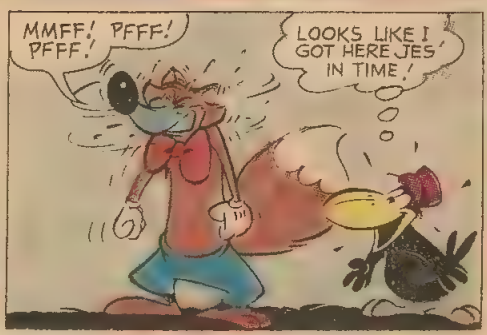

I CERTAINLY CAN, CROW-- WOULD YOU LIKE TO PUT ME TO A TEST?
SURE, FOXIE-- LET'S HAVE A BREATH HOLDIN' CONTEST.

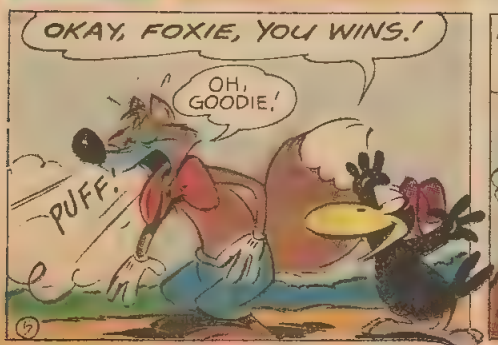

WE'LL, STAN' BACK TA BACK AN' I'LL COUNT.
VERY WELL, START COUNTING!
A-ONE-- A TWO-- A-THREE-

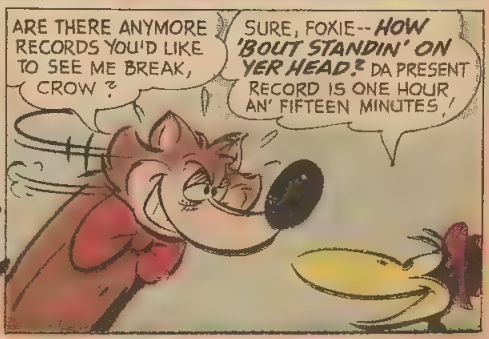
A-GO!
I'M GONE!
ME TOO--

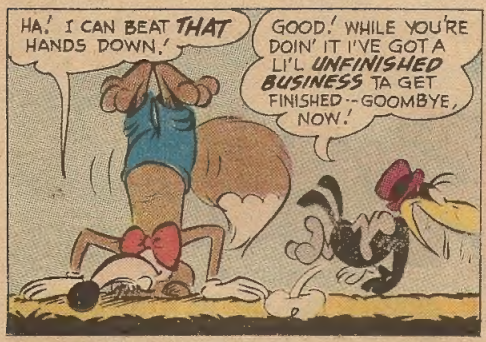

--BACK TA DA REFRIGERATOR, DAT IS.

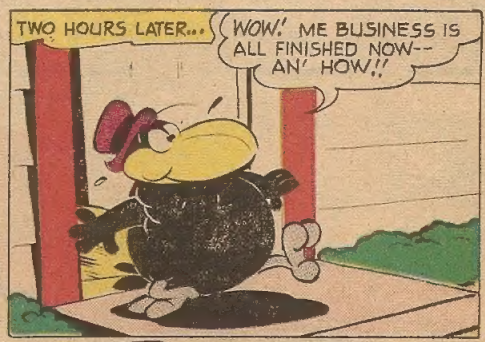

TEN MINUTES LATER...
YUMMY! YUMMY! FOXIE'S A REAL CHAMP AT KEEPIN' HIS REFRIGERATOR STOCKED WITH GOODIES, BUT I BETTER GET BACK BEFORE FOXIE BUSTS IN DIS BREATH HOLDIN' CONTEST!

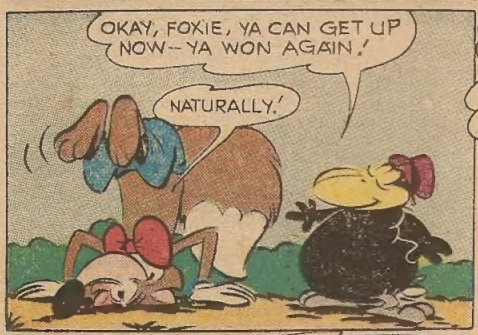

MMFF! PFFF! PFFF!
LOOKS LIKE I GOT HERE JES' IN TIME!

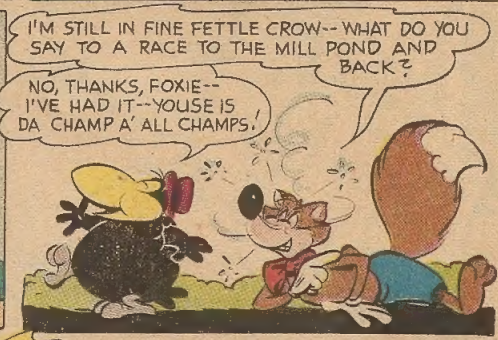

OKAY, FOXIE, YOU WINS!
OH, GOODIE!
PUFF!


ARE THERE ANYMORE RECORDS YOU'D LIKE TO SEE ME BREAK, CROW?
SURE, FOXIE-- HOW 'BOUT STANDIN' ON YER HEAD? DA PRESENT RECORD IS ONE HOUR AN' FIFTEEN MINUTES!


HA! I CAN BEAT THAT HANDS DOWN!
GOOD! WHILE YOU'RE DOIN' IT I'VE GOT A LI'L UNFINISHED BUSINESS TA GET FINISHED--GOOMBYE, NOW!


TWO HOURS LATER...
WOW! ME BUSINESS IS ALL FINISHED NOW-- AN' HOW!!

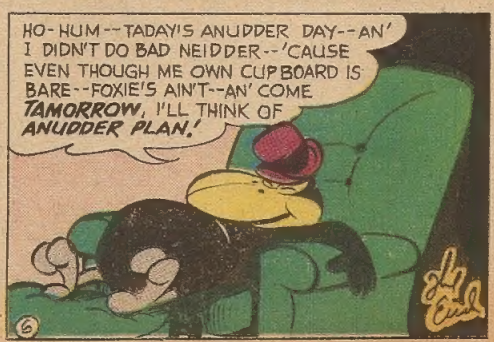

OKAY, FOXIE, YA CAN GET UP NOW--YA WON AGAIN!
NATURALLY!


I'M STILL IN FINE FETTLE CROW--WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A RACE TO THE MILL POND AND BACK?
NO, THANKS, FOXIE-- I'VE HAD IT--YOUSE IS DA CHAMP A' ALL CHAMPS!

THAT CROW DOESN'T KNOW IT BUT I'VE "HAD IT", TOO, AND I'M GLAD HE DIDN'T TAKE ME UP ON THAT LAST CHALLENGE--I'M GOING HOME AND RAID THE GOODIES IN MY WELL-STOCKED REFRIGERATOR AND TAKE IT EASY FOR THE REST OF THE DAY!

SO...
OH NO! THAT CROW HAS CLEANED ME OUT!! I KNEW WHEN I WENT OUT THERE WAS A TRICK TO ALL THIS!

BUT STILL--I DID PROVE MY WORTH-- I'M THE CHAMPION--THERE'S NOTHING THAT CROW CAN DO THAT I CAN'T DO BETTER--BUT MUCH, MUCH BETTER!!


HO-HUM--TADAY'S ANUDDER DAY--AN' I DIDN'T DO BAD NEIDDER--'CAUSE EVEN THOUGH ME OWN CUPBOARD IS BARE--FOXIE'S AIN'T--AN' COME TAMORROW, I'LL THINK OF ANUDDER PLAN!
Jack Cole
6

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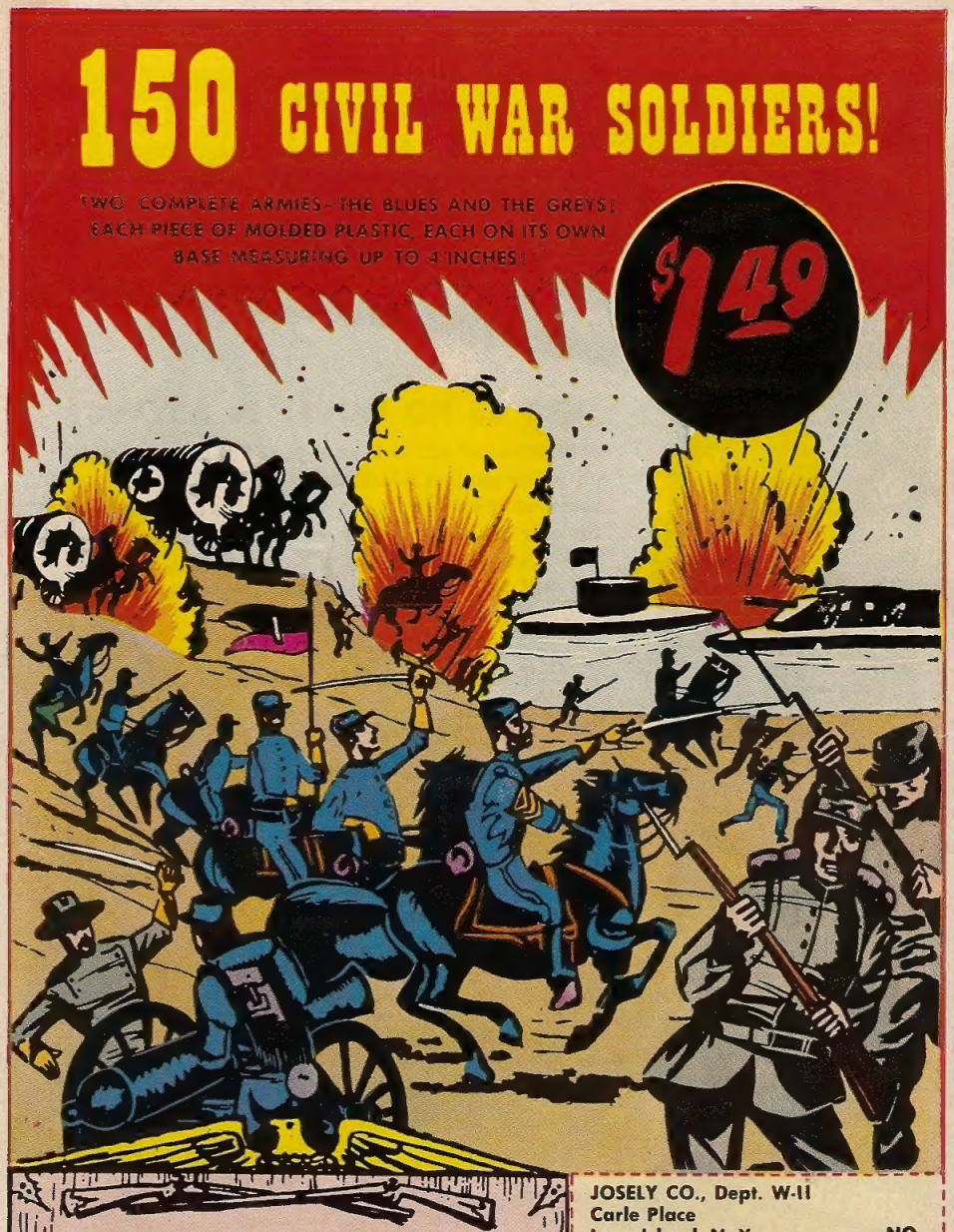

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